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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

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JANUARY 1918

Lovers' Poetry ..... Col. Stephen Southwold
T. F. C. Wilcox
Beatrice Spencer
W. Schanhaar
Sub-Lt. Teco van Bork
Sapper Will Streatfeild
The late Lt. E. A. Mackintosh, M.C.
What is to be done with the Doctors? (II) ..... Bernard Shaw
Solved ..... Gordon Craig
Love ..... D. H. Lawrence
Time Love ..... Elizabeth Robins
Baudelaire ..... Arthur Symons
An Episode in War-Time ..... Gerould Beatock
WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION
Once more: the International Mercy Charter ..... (Ed.)
Lord Lansdowne's Interrogation ..... Austin Harrison
Books

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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

JANUARY, 1918

Amiens

(Twenty-four Hours)

By Cpl. Stephen Southwold

GHOSTS laughing in the street
The spirit being dead,
And on entrancèd feet
Desire with red
Warm lips
In Love's spell'd raiment trips.
And many perfumes float
From her quick hair;
And all the white
Allure of wrist and throat
Are trebly fair,
And thrice
Fair are her eyes
Wherethrough Another looks.
Yet shall Remembrance make,
For that One's sake,
A thousand mocking memories of each kiss,
And out of this
Bought rapture of an hour
Fashion a probe of fire
To sear the nooks
And crannies of the mind;
And on Desire,
Dying and cold and blind,
Cast the soil'd petals of an April flower.

And yet
If to forget
Were all; if we might so
Over each yesternight
The dust of oblivion throw,
The cup that bears forgetfulness within
Should drown and rase
Each evening's flaming sin.
But fair and white
Our sons, who are not yet
Heirs of our days,
With impatient fingers fret
And tear at the walls
Of these tower'd sophistries. . . .
But wherefore may we heed,
We who are dedicate
To death; and soon or late,
Flung by this clamorous breeze,
Crude and untimely falls
Green fruit and unborn seed.

But you, child, who
Hold fast my few white years,
And gather'd up
Into one golden cup
Laughter and flowers and fairy-lore and song;
And anew
Made of familiar things a Wonderland,
And on that ship that steers
Only by orbèd moons
Of swift blue-nighted Junes
Anchor'd beside the strand
Of my lost Fortunate Isles:
Naught of this wrong
Toucheth our mutual days,
Nor sways
Another sceptre than your laughing wiles.

FRANCE, OCTOBER, 1917.

Values

By T. P. C. Wilson

(To R. H. G., since killed in action)

WHAT if death were the goal, after all, and the grave a throne?
What if Hell were the prize?
If fear and filth endured for a cause that is not your own,
And pain and hate—if these were God in disguise?

. . . . . .

Here there are pigeons, drowned in the green all day,
And crooning drowsily, half-asleep in the heat. . . .
And the woods are blue with Summer, a mile away;
And flames of butterflies go dancing over the wheat.

There are books on the table, blessèd under the blue;
And the bees go by with peace in their singing wings.
The grasshoppers fiddle a secret tune or two,
And are still, in the hush that a sunlit noonday brings.

And there, over the earth's edge, are flies, and the smell of the dead,
Where you, who love the colours of life, are walled with the clay you hate,
Where the whine of death goes wearily overhead,
And God asks nothing of man but to stiffen his heart and wait.

The great men went before us with laughter on their lips.
They loved earth's careless loveliness—swift shadows on a hill,
And rain, and birds, and apples, and dogs and great white ships. . . .
But they taught themselves to kill.

The waves of dreadful sound crashed on their heads unbowed;
Like gods, the dusty shambles saw them bright.
Through blood and guts and lice they kept them proud,
Staring across the dark with eyes that saw the light.

They laughed. . . . Oh! suddenly the mask here falls,
And idiot pigeons croon in the warm trees.
There is empty madness in every bird that calls,
And a song of slow decay in the wings of the bees.

The books are suddenly mad and white, and scrabbled
with frantic print,
And a female fool stares out from the magazine cover—
All teeth and imbecile smile, and sexual hint—
Most damnably sure that the whole world is her lover.

There are dreadful signs in the woods and the Summer
haze
Of a God who is vast and vegetable and still,
Whose law is, "Sleep for the greater part of thy days,"
And "Thou shalt not clean the rust from thy scabbarded
will."

. . . . . .

We have known a joy that the heart could scarce endure,
So drenched with beauty was the earth we trod.
But there are hours when War stands up secure,
Naked and bloody, as the only God.

They meet in the troubled heart. Beauty and anger meet,
And the filth of war is food for many a flower.
Up through the beaten earth—stamped hard to an army's
feet—
The green swords of Springtime shall strike with their
ancient power.

. . . . . .

But what, meanwhile, if pain is the only end?
What if Hell is the prize?
If alone the lover of peace who fights, shall find as a friend
God, in a foul disguise?

Death's Brotherhood

By Siegfried Sassoon

When I'm asleep, dreaming and drowsed and warm,—
They come, the homeless ones, the noiseless dead.
While the dim charging breakers of the storm
Bellow and drone and rumble overhead,
Out of the gloom they gather about my bed.
They whisper to my heart; their thoughts are mine.
"Why are you here with all your watches ended?
From Ypres to Frise we sought you in the Line."
In bitter safety I awake, unfriended;
And while the dawn begins with slashing rain
I think of the Battalion in the mud.
"When are you going back to them again?
Are they not still your brothers through our blood?"

Christmas

By W. Siebenhaar

Sing to us, English, this fair Christmas night!
Sing! we would fain forget all hate and fight,
And be like brothers, as we should have been,
Who gladly would have scorned the accurst "Ich dien"!
Sing to us, English! see, the stars invite!
What feud is ours? If we did aught but right,
Our masters bade us so ourselves demean:
There are no foes where masters are not seen!

Sing to us, English! bring back dreams of home,
Our hills, our heaths, our hamlets, all we had
And have no more! We too are torn away
From loves to whom our thoughts tormented roam!
Come, we will sing together and be glad
One hour, ere Death proclaims his merciless Day!

The War Office Regrets ——

By 2nd Lt. Theo van Beek

I was dreaming by the firelight when it came,
With its few blurred lines and, vividly, a name.
First I felt a little hand
On my own;
Then I heard an eager voice;
Then a flame
Bright and yellow danced before me, and was blown
Into gloom.

Come to me, my little boy;
Fill with living sound my room;
Run about to your heart's joy,
I will never scold you.
Come and clamber on my knee;
I will hold you close to me.
I will never sigh or frown;
I will never put you down:
Come to me, my little boy;
I will hold you—hold you.

"No Man's Land"

By Sergt. Will Stonehold

No spoken word, no gifted pen, or brush
Of painter using pigments mixed in Hell,
May e'er depict the horror and the hush
That lie there when the guns had ceased their yell.

Nor Heaven's artillery could even vie
Their awful thunders when the guns began;
The lightning stabs Jove sent across the sky
Gleamed vassal to the clashing flames of Man.

This must be Time's own Hour-glass. See, the sand
That fills it has been changed from gold to red!
Vague shadows limn and fill the ghastly land,
Shells shriek and bullets whistle overhead.

What! "No Man's Land"? God gave it Man's keeping!
And even now 'tis tilled by Man's foul hand.
Man sows the seed, and Man must do the reaping:
The harvest garner in from "No Man's Land"!

From Home

Nov. 13th, 1916

By the late Lieut. E. A. Macintosh, M.C.*

THE pale sun woke in the eastern sky
And a veil of mist was drawn
Over the faces of death and fame
When you went up in the dawn.
With never a thought of fame or death,
Only the work to do,
When you went over the top, my friends,
And I not there with you.

The veil is rent with a rifle-flash
And shows me plain to see,
Battle and bodies of men that lived
And fought along with me.
O God! it would not have been so hard
If I'd been in it too,
But you are lying stiff, my friends,
And I not there with you.

So here I sit in a pleasant room
By a comfortable fire,
With everything that a man could want,
But not the heart's desire.
So I sit thinking and dreaming still,
A dream that won't come true,
Of you in the German trench, my friends,
And I not there with you.

* Recently killed in France. His poems were first published in the ENGLISH REVIEW over a year ago.

What is to be done with the Doctors? (ii)

By Bernard Shaw

I NOW come to the case of Mr. Herbert Atkinson Barker as set forth in THE ENGLISH REVIEW. Mr. Barker is what doctors call a bonesetter, though without any intention of emphasizing the fact that he can apparently set displaced bones better than they can. The war has produced a number of cases which have beaten the primitive manipulative surgery of the R.A.M.C. and the General Medical Council. Benevolent rich persons have taken crippled soldiers to Mr. Barker, who has set them on their legs again. Officers who can afford it have taken themselves to Mr. Barker with the same result. Mr. Barker, though in opulent practice, has finally offered his services, both as operator and instructor, to the Army gratuitously as a patriotic duty. The Army refuses both his operations and his instructions on the ground that Mr. Barker is not qualified. Mr. Barker and his multitude of converts argue that if he can make the lame walk he *is* qualified. The R.A.M.C. replies that if it admits Mr. Barker it must admit Mrs. Eddy and Count Mattei and Mother Seigel and the elders of the Peculiar People and Tom, Dick and Harry. The sensible way out of the difficulty would be to give Mr. Barker an honorary degree, just as Oxford makes Mr. Lloyd George a D.C.L., or as the War Office gives a commission to a ranker of obvious qualifications for command. The General Medical Council is less liberal, because it is, first, last, and all the time, a trade union. Therefore you have this silly scandal of a surgical manipulator of genius forbidden to treat our disabled soldiers, not because it is denied that he has mastered a valuable technique omitted from the regulation equipment, but simply because the profession is too preoccupied with its own privileges to provide, as all the other professions have provided, a means by which overwhelming evidence of ability can be accepted and acted

on as well as the very doubtful evidence afforded by the examination system, which annually lets loose the most disastrous duffers in the sick-rooms of the nation. Had our universities been governed by doctors, Brahms and Joachim would have been refused their honorary degrees as Doctors of Music unless they had stopped composing and playing for five years to pass an Arts examination; do exercises in counterpoint to the satisfaction of professors incapable of writing three bearable bars of original music; and qualify themselves to name, on demand, the age at which Bach's fourth son was confirmed.

The case of Mr. Barker is thus quite a simple one, as cases of exceptionally gifted individuals always are. I dismiss it by appealing to one of the universities to give him an honorary medical degree and have done with it. Such a degree would not place him automatically on the register; but a refusal to recognize it would bring the General Medical Council into conflict with its constituents, who have, as we shall see presently, the power to transform it into a predominantly lay body.

If the universities are too superstitious to take this step, it can be taken by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who can make anybody a legally qualified doctor.

But the general point at issue has become far more complicated than any individual case. The technique of the bonesetter, handed down from Hutton to Atkinson, from Atkinson to Barker, and by him greatly developed, is not an alternative to recognized surgical practice, but an extension of it. Every surgeon should be a bonesetter, especially in the country, where accidents are common and there are no specialists at hand. In fact, many a country surgeon is a bit of a bonesetter, by force of circumstances and natural aptitude. And every bonesetter should have a minimum of liberal education and the technical knowledge of an ordinary surgeon. If Mr. Barker were a general ignoramus, or knew less about the anatomy of the knee-joint than the President of the Royal College of Surgeons, it would be quite right to stand between him and the bedside of the maimed soldier and cry, "Hands off." The importance of a test of general surgical knowledge is so obvious that it seems reasonable and salutary to say to a bonesetter, or any other professor of a special technique, "Qualify yourself to practise as a physician or surgeon,

and you may employ your technique to your heart's content; for the General Medical Council is actually forbidden by Act of Parliament to impose any test of orthodoxy on you." Let us see how this plausible position would work out in practice.

Take the case of the Swedish practitioners so much resorted to of late. First there are the Medical Gymnasts trained by the Central Institute in Stockholm. They go through a three years' course of training, and receive a degree which entitles them to undertake the manipulative treatment of a long range of diseases, with full recognition in consultation, though they may not prescribe nor give death certificates. Much better known in fashionable London are the followers of Kellgren, who evolved from Ling's system a technique of massage which is almost unlimited in its pretension to cure every evil under the sun. Kellgren, who charged enormous fees and had a princely practice, handed down his method by the old system of private apprenticeship, two years' training being considered the minimum. The Kellgrenites are not recognized by the Medical Gymnasts, whose status is official; but both have an elaborate technique taking about the same time to acquire; for it may be taken roughly that two years' apprenticeship to a practising masseur is equivalent to the keeping of terms at the Institute for three years. An already qualified doctor can, however, obtain the Central Institute certificate in one year.

Some time ago a Kellgrenite masseur, now in prosperous practice in the West End, qualified himself for the British register in order to secure professional status, to be authorised to give death certificates, to be eligible for consultation, and generally to enjoy the privileges conferred by the recognised diploma. His opinion of general medical practice is not more flattering than Sir Almroth Wright's opinion of antiseptic surgery. Probably no Swedish doctor thinks highly of British practice, because in Sweden you pay your doctor so much a year to keep you well, whereas in the British Empire you pay him nothing until he makes you ill (or chance or your own bad habits does it for him), the Swedish doctor thus having a vested interest in your health and the British doctor a vested interest in your disease, with the results that might be expected. The

Swedish doctor in question believes in the Kellgren manipulative system, and practises it quite as successfully, to say the least, as his British colleagues who pursue the orthodox routine. When he was going through his courses of study at a famous medical school attached to a London hospital, he succeeded in persuading the authorities that every student should qualify himself as a masseur. They actually went so far as to commission him to purchase the necessary apparatus, doubtless remembering that massage is as old as Hippocrates, and has been practised from time to time ever since, sometimes quite systematically, as a part of hospital treatment and instruction. But before the commission was executed, the medical school informed the Swedish expert that the students must qualify as masseurs in a month. Now this, to a trained Kellgren masseur, was horrifying. The shortest period in which a Kellgren masseur can qualify is two years; and of all quacks, the most abhorrent and dangerous in the eyes of the Swedish school is the quack, disastrously common now in England, and usually, I regret to say, on the register as a qualified physician or surgeon, who professes to teach massage in a month for ten guineas to women driven by economic desperation to seek employment as nurses, or worse. He regarded himself as the recipient of an infamous proposal, and indignantly dropped the whole affair.

But let us look at this not very reassuring transaction from the point of view of the medical school. Its course of study and training now extends to five years. This is two years less than the traditional apprenticeship of a mason or carpenter; but the mason's apprentice has not to be supported by his parents. He pays his way, and is, in fact, avowedly kept in the bonds of apprenticeship to make money for his master as well long after he has mastered his trade. But the medical student earns nothing, not even his board and lodging, and must keep up a presentable middle-class standard of life, and find time for study, and money for books, fees, etc., during the five years. It is not in all cases absolutely impossible to do this and earn a living as well; but the possibility is too limited to count as a factor in the general problem. The consequence is that much first-rate professional material

is driven into the city office because professional training is beyond the family means. Every year added to the course of training cuts off a portion of the supply and recruits the city at the expense of the professions. Had the medical school in question added two years to the five years' period in order that its students should all be fully qualified masseurs, it might just as well have put up the shutters at once; for it would have lost all its students, and none of the other schools would have followed its example.

Since that time a far more terrible rival to the registered doctor has come into the field under one of those barbarous names in which doctors delight. The Homœopath and the Allopath alike found themselves confronted with the Osteopath. He, like the masseur, had a new and elaborate manipulative technique; but his training demanded a four years course in addition to certificates of a minimum of liberal education. The extension of the four years to five, as in the case of our registered practitioners, is probably only a matter of time. Had the General Medical Council admitted the technique of the masseurs and osteopaths to its canon without sacrificing any part of its present curriculum, the period of training for an ordinary general practitioner would have been 5 years+2 years+4 years=11 years, at which rate the calling of a registered doctor would become a plutocrat's hobby, and the actual practice of medicine and surgery be driven into the hands of unregistered practitioners, leaving the General Medical Council high and dry. Harley Street would become a sort of Faubourg St. Germain, and the employment of a registered doctor would become an eccentricity like Jacobitism.

Consequently at this moment the registered doctors in England are engaged in a struggle for life against the osteopaths, who have won all along the line in America, and are flourishing exceedingly already in London. The methods of resistance are petty and futile. For example, Harley Street and the medical region about it belong in great part to one of our monster London ground landlords, a peer to whose liberal tastes and munificence our theatrical and musical art owes a good deal. On his estate is a certain street once occupied by private residences, and still

let on old leases containing clauses forbidding the use of the houses for purposes of trade, though by this time almost every house in the street is a shop. An osteopath who was not very well acquainted with London (they all come from America) took rooms in this street and began to practise there. No sooner did the managers of the estate discover his brass plate, with the hated D.O. on it, than they offered his landlady the alternative of ejecting him or having her lease broken under the clause forbidding the use of the premises for trade purposes. That unhappy osteopath was homeless for many weeks, all the eligible houses which he tried being either on the same estate or already partly let to authorized doctors who threatened notice to quit if an osteopath were admitted to any floor. Of course, the final result was that the estate lost a good tenant, and that the osteopath's guineas and his distinguished *clientèle* soon secured him a much less dowdy set of rooms than those to which he had clung in his American innocence. But he was none the less amazed that it was possible for a D.O. to be turned out of doors in the West End of London as a Methodist labourer can be (and sometimes is) in the country on the estate of a bigoted Anglican lord of the manor. Another osteopath who has effected a lodgment in Harley Street itself is forbidden to put his name on his door, even without letters indicating his profession; but as the vogue of osteopathy makes him independent of brass plates, there is no prospect of his moving until the address becomes a bar to public confidence, as it seems likely enough to do presently.

Here, if I yielded to the temptation to humbug the reader, I should give a list of the amazing cures made by the osteopaths, who can hold their own even with Mr. Barker in that sort of dazzling, all the more gracefully as they expressly repudiate cures and profess only to put you in a condition to cure yourself. But scientific honor obliges me to confess and even insist that stories about cures prove nothing. If they did, Harley Street would have to confess itself beaten to a frazzle by Lourdes. There is not a bottle of proprietary medicine nor a box of pills in the pharmacist's shop that is not wrapped up in a list of cures, the authenticity of which there is no reason to doubt, which puts not only the Blessed Virgin and Mr.

Barker and the masseurs and the osteopaths, but the whole medical register to shame. Christian Science cures. Mattei cures. Charles II. cured scrofula by touching it. I endure, like many "brain-workers," periodical headaches from which doctors of all sorts, registered and unregistered, have retired baffled; but a pleasant lady who volunteered to cure one of them by sitting near me and composing herself into a bland reverie unspeakably exasperating for a suffering man to contemplate, did actually take the headache away, or provoke it to take itself away, the very scepticism she inspired, or perhaps her good looks, acting as a sort of psychological stimulant to the phagocytes who eat the headache bacillus: a theory which I leave Sir Almroth Wright to elaborate. I know of a working jeweller who cures diphtheria, pneumonia, and swine-fever by the fumes of nitric acid. I know of a registered practitioner who cures rheumatism and cognate diseases by hypodermic injections of hypochlorites. I know Mr. Raphael Roche, and do not question any of the wonders narrated of him in the pages of *Truth*. And I know doctors of extraordinary ability and scientific keenness who have never, as far as I have been able to ascertain, cured anyone or anything, and whose advice I should nevertheless value highly if I were unlucky enough to be in pressing need of it. The result is to convince me that there is no direct guidance to be got out of mere cure capping. Cures have as much to do with science as ghost stories, no more and no less. I return to the less romantic aspects of my subject.

We have seen that the apparently simple expedient of adding the new techniques to the old ones as conditions of qualification is impracticable economically on the score of the impossible prolongation of the qualifying period of study. But even if a ten years' period were to be made possible by a general economic reform of society—and this is not at all impossible—we should only be faced with the fact that some of the new techniques are not extensions of the old but supplantations of them. Osteopathy, for instance, is, like Kellgren massage, a no-drug system. The fact that nothing in heaven or on earth will prevent masseurs and osteopaths from taking short ways with trivial ailments, like any apothecary, does not alter their opposition to the whole medicinal system. The osteopath is essentially what Samuel Butler, in a flash of prophecy,

called "a straightener." He does not admit any limits to his scope as a pathologist; but he is primarily a spinal surgeon. His special theory is that a very slight displacement of any vertebra will, if it nips a nerve channel or a blood vessel, contract or starve or irritate or abort that channel or vessel, with all sorts of mischievous results, direct and remote. The application of this theory to clinical practice is effected by a tactile and manipulative technique which enables the osteopath to diagnose spinal lesions by his sense of touch, and then correct them by manipulation. This tactile skill and knowledge is arduous of acquirement; and the chief American schools of osteopathy will not give a student the degree of D.O. unless he has gone through a four years course of training. This stipulation, as we have seen, makes it equally impossible for the British L.R.C.P. or M.R.C.S. to acquire the technique or to pretend with any plausibility that the D.O. is an ignorant, unqualified quack. Indeed, the osteopathic colleges turn the tables on the old school by offering all its guarantees of general education and technical training, and improving on them.

In one respect they have even gone a step backward to get into line. One of the devices by which doctors save themselves the trouble of thinking is the convention that a clinical observation does not become scientific until it has been repeated on the body of a rabbit, guinea-pig, frog, cat, or stolen dog. I refrain from giving examples, not only because they are sickening, but because their silliness is so incredible that they make people believe I am joking. Suffice it that when Dr. Still, the founder of osteopathy, alleged that certain spinal lesions would produce certain diseased conditions, and that the conditions would disappear when the lesions were corrected, and demonstrated this by curing human patients, he was met with an intellectual atrophy which involved total inability to perceive that his clinical exploits proved anything. His medical colleagues said, in effect: "Our minds have not been trained to act in your vulgar way. We attach no significance to these operations of yours on human beings. You say that you have found John Smith suffering from appendicitis; that a couple of his dorsal vertebræ were rotated; that the rotation deranged the mechanism provided by God to

prevent appendicitis; that on your correcting the rotation the inflammation disappeared and the patient recovered. We do not perceive any connection between these events and your manipulation; nor is it clear to us how a man who believes in God (except in conversation to oblige old-fashioned patients) can possibly be a man of science. But if you will take a guinea-pig or a dog; dislocate its dorsal vertebræ; arrange that it shall get appendicitis; and then reduce the dislocation and allow the guinea-pig to get well and have its experience described for it by the experimenter with more or less of the brilliancy of a Sydenham or a Trousseau, then your thesis will be firmly established as science." It is pitiful to have to record that the osteopaths have under this pressure actually set up a laboratory where they solemnly damage animals and mend them again; and no doubt they take care that these imbecile put-up jobs resemble the clinical feats of Dr. Still and his followers at least as closely as the antics of a performing poodle pretending to feel the pulse of a toy terrier in a cradle on the stage of a variety theatre resemble a professional visit by a medical baronet to a sick bishop. The osteopaths have the grace to protest that they do not like the business, and, of course, ridicule the notion that it proves anything that they have not proved legitimately in their practice; but they declare that they have been forced to resort to it by the obsession of the medical world with the methods of the physiological laboratories. Their plea is, "If you will not believe when we cure a sick man, and will believe abjectly and credulously when we make a guinea-pig sick and then let it get well, why, we must do it, or pretend to do it, for your own silly sakes."

It is impossible not to indulge in a grim chuckle at the vivisectors thus hoist with their own petard. They tried to make science a monopoly for men of the type of St. Thomas, who, with the living Fact staring him in the face and talking to him, did not consider its existence proved until he had thrust his cruel fingers into it. They forgot that they could not make a corner in folly and imposture.

The osteopath thus comes into the scientific world with not only all the prestige that the approved routine of examinations and diplomas can give him, but with the

retinue of tormented rabbits and dogs that is *de rigueur* in the modern scientific ritual. He has also, by the way, an elaborate code of professional etiquette which is virtually that of the General Medical Council. Add to this what is much more effective from the lay point of view: that the osteopath's procedure in the consulting-room or at the bedside leaves the registered doctors nowhere in its power of impressing the patient. Instead of saying, "And how are we to-day?" in the approved clinical manner (thereby asking the patient the very question he sent for the doctor to answer) and listening gravely to replies which, like Sir William Watson Cheyne's replies to Sir Almroth Wright, are all adjectives and adverbs instead of numerals, and in which the unascertained personal equation is so large a factor that one man will describe as a dreadful pain a sensation of which another would be ashamed to complain, not to mention the answers we all give to the doctor because we are afraid he will think us fools if we confess that we don't know clearly how we feel or what we feel, the osteopath seizes the patient and feels his skeleton with fingers and hands that are obviously highly skilled. If he discovers a lesion, he proceeds to wrestle with it. When the treatment is over for the day, the patient is amazed and feels considerably straightened, whilst the osteopath, having visibly had a spell of hard work, conveys an impression of having earned his money which cannot be achieved by looking wise and writing a prescription, even for a patient to whom the words *aqua*, *micapanus*, and *quant. suff.* suggest unutterable learning.

Even if osteopathy be as great a delusion as antiseptic surgery is according to Sir Almroth Wright, yet, like antiseptic surgery, it is not nonsense: a layman of ordinary intelligence can understand its extremely plausible theory. Besides, the most sceptical patients argue that a body of practitioners specializing on the skeleton in this way must, whether their views as to the serious consequences of spinal lesions are sound or not, inevitably acquire and refine upon all the dexterities of the bonesetter in diagnosing and correcting directly crippling dislocations. The fashionable lady, aged and crippled with rheumatism and "excess of uric acid," who has spent hundreds of guineas on doctors, and wandered over Europe from one cure-place to another until she has filled herself with every fetid water from

Harrogate and Bath to Kissingen and Mont Dore, and wallowed in every sort of mud brown enough to seem worth three marks a bath, getting all the time stouter and less able to walk upstairs without creaking like her grandmother, sooner or later hears about the osteopath, and tries him in desperation, just as she has tried the famous Paris doctor who cures rheumatism with a wonderful little pill of which you take 250 a day, or as she would try anybody or anything that promised relief. The osteopath instantly diagnoses a simple displacement of "the innominate" or nameless bone. The lady says she never knew she had a nameless bone, and accuses the osteopath of laughing at her. The osteopath explains that though a British M.D. could not possibly mention it to a lady, the osteopath, having to tackle it in a manner that renders concealment impossible, does not hesitate to confess that it is the haunch bone. He reduces the dislocation in a few treatments; the lady skips downstairs twenty years younger with nothing whatever the matter with her; she proclaims the miracle; all her friends applaud her; all registered doctors are voted humbugs; and the osteopath flourishes extremely. Such cases are quite common; and the registered man may tell as many stories as he pleases of the cases he knows in which an osteopath brought a patient to the door of death (all rival healers are full of such tales), the facts are too eloquent: the man with no manipulative technique beyond what is needed to set a broken arm (not always too straight) is beaten by the man with a technique which enables him to perform apparent miracles.

Such incidents as the above have been multiplied by the war. Mr. Barker sets whole rows of crippled soldiers on their legs. Ladies trained in Sweden as masseuses, and preserving their professional enthusiasm after marrying and retiring from practice, visit military hospitals and are followed by cries of "Another leg saved." Necks blown awry by high explosives come straight in the hands of osteopaths whilst the Royal Army Medical Corps leaves the soldier, like the one who scandalized Macaulay in Robert Montgomery's poem, to lie on his bleeding breast and stare ghastly at the skies. The embarrassment caused to the R.A.M.C. by Mr. Barker's offer to place his services at the disposal of the Army gratuitously has been redoubled by a similar offer of the services of a body of six

osteopaths; for the D.O. cannot be staved off on the pretext that he has no academic qualification. Even if all these rumoured successes consist of fairy tales to quite as great an extent as the recent obituary notices of Sir Victor Horsley (and that is conceding a good deal), it is still evident that with the whole registered profession straining every nerve to expose the failures of the unregistered and to conceal its own, there is no danger of the fairy-tale element in public opinion benefiting the unregistered more than the registered: the probabilities are quite the other way. In any case, the unregistered have gained so much credit of late that unless the profession repents and sets its house in order, Harley Street itself will shine with brass plates on which the names of bone-setters, Kellgren masseurs, psycho-therapists, and D.O.s will be followed by the reassuring words: *No connection with the General Medical Council.*

If the reader is sufficiently convinced of the danger of the exclusion of new techniques from the official course of study, I must now ask him to turn his mind right round and contemplate the even more terrifying assumption that the registered practitioner is qualified to try his hand at all the new techniques and administer all the new medicines in virtue of his registration, whether he has studied them or not. If Nelson were to rise from his grave to save his country, and insisted on taking command of a submarine on the ground that once a captain always a captain, and that what a lieutenant can do an admiral can do, it would be necessary to remove him to Copenhagen Hospital. But nobody can restrain the medical Dug Out from venturing upon new techniques and medicines that are hideously dangerous. After the Wright opsonin innovation, the two that have made most noises in the medical world are the X-rays and salvarsan. To read the popular articles on the subject in the papers one would suppose that the X-raying of a patient or the administration of doses of salvarsan is as simple a matter as taking a snapshot or giving a seidlitz powder. The truth is that X-ray cautery in the hands of any but a highly trained expert produces after a few days a burn beyond all comparison worse than a brand from the hottest of red-hot pokers, and that the victim is to be heartily congratulated if, after months of atrocious pain,

which only a reckless use of morphia can make bearable, the excision of the part leaves the patient boasting himself an interesting case of "dermatitis" sooner than confess that he has been simply burnt by a bungler. As to salvarsan, when it goes wrong it goes so very wrong that experts use it with their hearts in their mouths, as part of the old mercury treatment it is erroneously believed to have supplanted. To put such things into the hands of a general practitioner with a diploma perhaps forty or fifty years old is as dangerous as giving them into the hands of a man with no qualification at all. Yet the British Medical Association demanded that the Local Government Board should serve out rations of salvarsan to all general practitioners indiscriminately as if nothing more lethal than "the old mixture" were in question. Whenever it is proposed to restrict the practice of any therapeutic process to experts, the doctors cry out that the general practitioner is being degraded into "a mere signpost to the specialist." One would suppose that this was at least less degrading than the responsibility for horrible suffering and death caused by ignorant bungling: indeed, in practice no general practitioner feels any degradation when he sends his patient to an operating surgeon, and does not himself undertake even the administration of the anæsthetic. In the case of the midwife, who is now bound under penalties to send for a doctor the moment any complications present themselves in a labor, the doctors do not consider that the midwife is thereby degraded: they approve enormously of the restriction.

This tradition that once a doctor gets his name on the register he may attempt without supervision or restraint or (virtually) responsibility every operation or course of treatment known or hereafter to be known throughout the entire realm of surgery and medicine, raises the whole question of division of labor in medicine. The problem is a difficult one, because no doctor can really be an efficient Jack of All Trades; and yet a doctor may have to turn his hand to anything under certain conditions. Compare, for example, the city doctor, who has a dozen specialists at the end of his telephone, with the country doctor who may have to wait from three to twenty-four hours for skilled help, not to mention the island doctor, who may have a fortnight of impassably stormy seas between him

and the mainland. Men thus isolated must be prepared, within human limits, to do everything for their patients, whilst their city colleagues need never tackle a case which presents the slightest difficulty without aid. When we have a State service of sanatoria with rows of laboratories and staffs of experts throughout the land like post offices, as no doubt we shall have unless civilization turns back in its tracks first, our present system of private practice will seem insane enough. But that organized medical corporations should fiercely defend it, and resist every attempt to restrict the practice of individual doctors to those professional operations which their qualifications really cover, will appear something much less honest than insanity. The inoculator who "shoves in" tuberculin without ever having read a line of Wright; the medical amateur photographer who turns on the X-rays as light-heartedly as if he were trying a new brand of bromide paper; the apothecary to whom salvarsan is "the perfect cure": these are much more dangerous quacks than the unregistered ones, because they flourish a State guarantee that they are universal experts in all the arts of healing.

Yet this state of things is the result of a great reform only half a century old. Before 1858 there were physicians, and even therapeutic metaphysicians, barber-surgeons, surgeons, and apothecaries, learning their trade as private apprentices, and quarrelling fiercely about the overlapping of their departments. In 1858 they were all compelled to qualify themselves for general practice; and the advantage of getting rid of Figaro with his lancet, and substituting an educated and systematically trained man, was so obvious that the world breathed freely and ceased to bleed freely at last. But, as we have seen, surgery and medicine could not be kept within the limits of one-man capacity. The Act of 1858 put the medical trade union in the position of the old trade union of shipwrights. Formerly every fixture in a ship was the work of the shipwright: woe to the member of any other union who dared to lay a finger on it! But the shipbuilding industry would not "stay put." When big ships came to be made of metal, the shipwright could no more make them than a cooper can make milk-cans. Ocean liners are now nothing but steel shells containing hotels: there is hardly

a shipwright's job in the whole concern except a few rudimentary organs which are mere ornamental vestiges of the evolution from the old wooden sailing ship. The shipwright makes more wooden sailing ships than ever: you may see any day in the London docks more new schooners, brigs, and barques than Benbow could have thought possible; but no shipwright now pretends that liners and battleships are his job, or that they could exist without the cooperation of scores of specialists, many of whom never saw a ship in their lives.

What has happened to the shipwrights must inevitably happen to the doctors. No doubt commercial specialism in medical practice has special dangers. Just as the barrister who can handle a particular type of case will take briefs for all sorts of cases and distort them to fit his speciality, so the specialists in a particular treatment or a particular operation will try that treatment or that operation on all sorts of complaints. Molière's jeweller, who thought a necklace the nicest present a lady could have, was not necessarily insincere; and the medical or surgical specialist is not necessarily a knave: he deludes himself before he deludes the patient. But business is business. When you go into the Rolls-Royce showroom the salesman does not say, "If I were you I should buy a Daimler"; and the throat specialist has seldom any difficulty in persuading himself that the real source of gout in the toe is that the patient's uvula is a little too long.

This leads us again, as almost every medical difficulty leads us, to the necessity for a disinterested medical service: that is, a State Medical Service continually subjected to the test of vital statistics. And never has there been a more favorable moment for advocating one. The war has done two very desirable things. It has taken a crowd of doctors from ill-equipped private practices in which their interest was to keep the patients as ill as they dared, as often as they dared, as long as they dared. Having broken up these practices, it has placed their struggling exploiters in a public practice in which there is the most urgent national need for restoring the patient to full efficiency in the shortest possible time; in which money does not count at all; and in which you need not

compete with your neighbor in dishonest humbug. It is not too much to say that this change has thrown a new light on life not only for the doctors, but for all professional men and men of business who have had their services transferred in the same way. But here we are concerned only with the doctor. He foresees with dismay that at the end of the war he will be thrown back into civil practice to begin life over again. But by that time an unprecedented mass of public medical work will have been created by the war casualties. All through the summer of 1916, during the Somme offensive, the casualty list stayed with remarkable steadiness at 3,000 a day, not counting 1,000 deaths. Making even the largest allowance for "cushy" wounds, such figures represent a considerable new body of disabled pensioners; for the official tradition of throwing all war wreckage, with or without a few pence a day, into the streets to shift for itself as best it may, is not now tolerated by public opinion, which is already in active revolt against even discharging unaided the men who have broken down in training and never seen a trench, whether their illness was contracted in the ranks or not.

We are therefore going to have at the same moment a public need and a professional demand for a State medical service.

In such a service division of labor would be a matter of course. In private practice every man is both general and drummer-boy, extirpator of the most vital organs and poulticer of whitlows; but in the Army there is no such nonsense: there are majors and colonels, chiefs and subalterns, due subordination, economy of ability, and division of labor; and the war-trained doctors will fall into the necessary specialism as naturally as they have fallen out of the continual speculation as to how ill a patient can afford to be: in other words, how long he can afford to stay away from his work, and how much he can afford to pay. In the field hospitals they do not cherish a colonel in bed for six weeks for a wound which would not detain a private more than ten minutes.

Now comes the question: How can the profession set its house in order? and, if it refuses, as it most likely will, how can the Government set about the necessary repairs over its head?

(To be continued.)

School

(*An Interlude* for Marionettes)

By Gordon Craig

Characters: Master, Boys, a Bee, a Bull. All are Guignols except the Bee and the Bull, which are hung on wires.

Scene: Near London. A School-room, with rostrum, blackboard, water-bottle and glass.

MASTER (*lecturing from the rostrum*). From the highest in office to the veriest stable-boy, to be non-committal is the whole duty of the Englishman.

NEW BOY. Please, Master, what is a veriest stable-boy?

(MASTER *drinks a little water from his glass.*)

ANOTHER BOY (*in a whisper*). Sit down, Jack; he's given you his answer.

NEW BOY. I didn't hear any answer.

OTHER BOY (*in a whisper*). Sit down, you fool! Don't you know that a tip-top non-committal answer has no sound?

NEW BOY. You don't say! (*He slips down into his seat.*)

MASTER. The slight interruption . . . due, as we all know, to causes beyond our desire to control . . . was, if not an error, a lapse as insignificant in its consequence as it was innocent in intention. It is not the duty of the teacher to notice every little failing of the pupil . . . rather is it his duty to avoid such, while correcting real offences. But to proceed. You come here to learn to fit yourselves for the arduous task of living in England. I have said that to be non-committal is the whole essence of the Englishman's duty, his life, his daily actions. When a year can pass without any one of you having committed

anything, then indeed you may say of that one, "He is an English gentleman." I shall now touch lightly on a few practical everyday rules, which can be safely followed and put in daily use. The most useful are the following: To hum and haw; to hesitate; doubt always. Question the questioner. . . . I need not say that you must never give a direct reply. The non-committal answer is for use at all times, and the more you employ it the fresher it becomes. We will now make a few experiments in the non-committal answer. I will begin with Ponsby Senior. Why are you called Ponsby?

PONSBY. I don't know.

MASTER. Tut, tut, tut! That is probably an answer coming from some direction other than what is known as the right one.

PONSBY. But why am I called Ponsby?

MASTER. It is for the teacher to ask, not to answer questions. I may or I may not know why you are called Ponsby, but if I do know I shall certainly not commit myself so far as to show you that I know . . . and if I do not know I shall feign so that you will not be able to know one way or the other. Feigning is not to become a habit with any of you, or you will sink to the level of the mummer, which would be a grievous pity now that the conscience of the nation has been awakened . . . but if you ever should have occasion to feign . . . to posture . . . the best, the most non-committal attitude is that of the fool: an inane drawl with expressionless eyes should prove most useful to you. Now try again, Ponsby. Why are you called Ponsby?

(PONSBY *squints, puts back his head slowly, and whistles indifferently, like an escape of gas.*)

MASTER. That's better, my boy.

ANOTHER BOY (*jumping up in an ecstasy*). Please, sir, ask me why I'm called Smiff. I can do something much funnier.

MASTER (*standing up and becoming rather too tall*). Silence!

(*The boy sits down.*)

MASTER. Ponsby, the answer you have just given, though it would not by any means qualify you to enter the village debating society, would not disgrace a member of

the House of Commons. (*Raising his voice.*) Asked the other day when the Government would decide upon the question of enlarging Printer Alley, the late Prime Minister so far committed himself as to reply, "Wait and see." The exaggerated directness of this unguarded and passionate utterance drew down upon his head a torrent of criticism. You will all copy these words into your note-books. Have you your pencils ready? Now then . . . "Wait and see." W-A-I-T, yes? . . . A-N-D S-E-E. Under it write . . . "This is not an example of a non-committal reply such as we expect from a well-bred Englishman." (*After a pause*) Have you got that down? (*Reads it over again.*) Ah! You can insert the word "*alas*" after the word "*this.*" Now, Smythe, as you showed a guarded desire just now to answer a question, I shall put one to you . . . a question which, though it differs but slightly . . . I may, without exaggeration, say very slightly (although I regret that I should be obliged to employ a superlative adjective), deserves an answer as static and dignified as that which the young Englishman Ponsby has but just delivered. Now then, sir. Why are you called Smythe?

(SMYTHE *stands on his head on his desk and moves his feet slowly in the air.*)

MASTER (*nodding his head*). Faintly reminiscent of the temperate style of the late Sir Plunkett Plank in his answers to the Corn Scandal Commission. You have not done badly, Smythe. Such a position should only be held, however, for the fraction of a minute. You may resume your normal position.

(SMYTHE *turns over on to his seat again.*)

(*A Bee here comes through the window, and after buzzing round the room once it alights on a pot of geraniums, where it buzzes now and again.*)

MASTER (*continuing, without seeing the Bee, to the students who all turn their heads and look at it*). Having successfully shown by experiment of what the non-committal answer consists, I should wish you to understand that you are to employ it, exercise it, apply it, and I may say use it, whenever you find yourselves in an embarrassing situation . . . or, shall we say, upon the horns of a dilemma? I do not wish to beguile you with any false assurance that,

in the mercenary sense, it will be profitable to you; but always and at all times it will serve to impress those with whom you may come in contact, whether in pleasurable or in painful experience. Remember, therefore, in your merrymaking or your lachrymation, in prank or antic, lark or spree, or in plague, in visitation or chagrin, remember the non-committal answer.

(*The Bee has, during this, winged its way towards a fat boy, and settling on him now stings him thrice.*)

FAT BOY (*yelling and making frantic and manly dabs for the Bee*). Damn!

(*He misses it and falls flat, the Bee flying out of the window.*)

MASTER. What is this, Marcus? What was that, Marcus? What was the reply I heard you give to the certainly unwarranted and deliberate provocation of an enemy not only to you, Marcus Poof, but to the very principles of culture?

PONSBY. Please, sir, he only quoted from a noble and a most moral poet.

MASTER. Poet? What poet so far committed himself as to utter such wild language?

PONSBY. Please, sir, Mr. Masefield.

MASTER. I never heard the name before. Is he a Prussian? Don't answer me, lest you commit yourself and eke your friend Marcus Poof, whose tranquillity you have already sadly jeopardised by your rash words.

(*A noise of galloping is discerned coming nearer and nearer, and the snorting of an enraged animal is heard approaching. The boys turn their heads towards it and show a restlessness in crescendo.*)

MASTER. I heard . . . I saw . . . I became aware of the presence of the intruder. But I also remembered what you, alas! did not. I recalled the fact that the buzzing of the Bee has always been a warning-bringer . . . when it buzzeth in a room it surely indicates the advent of a stranger. We will now pick up the thread of our discourse where it was so rudely broken in upon by the—er—insect. The non-committal. . . .

A BOY (*pointing out of the door*). Teacher! Teacher!

There's the big black bull from Giles's Farm coming charging up the garden path. What answer shall we give him if he comes through the door, teacher, and sees your red tie?

(*The noise comes nearer and nearer.*)

MASTER. You will reply as follows . . . you will say, "If you are there, as I presume you to be, I beg that you will. . . ."

(*Here the Bull enters like a tornado and tosses Master and pupils all over the place . . . some out of the window . . . while the rest of the pupils bolt out of the door.*)

CURTAIN.

Love

By D. H. Lawrence

Love is the happiness of the world. But happiness is not the whole of fulfilment.

Love is a coming together. But there can be no coming together without an equivalent going asunder. In love, all things unite in a oneness of joy and praise. But they could not unite unless they were previously apart. And having united in a whole circle of unity, they can go no further in love. The motion of love, like a tide, is fulfilled in this instance; there must be an ebb.

So that the coming together depends on the going apart; the systole depends on the diastole; the flow depends upon the ebb. There can never be love universal and unbroken. The sea can never rise to high tide over all the globe at once. The undisputed reign of love can never be.

Because love is strictly a travelling. "It is better to travel than to arrive," somebody has said. This is the essence of unbelief. It is a belief in absolute love, when love is by nature relative. It is a belief in the means, but not in the end. It is strictly a belief in force, for love is a unifying force.

How shall we believe in force? Force is instrumental and functional; it is neither a beginning nor an end. We travel in order to arrive; we do not travel in order to travel. At least, such travelling is mere futility. We travel in order to arrive.

And love is a travelling, a motion, a speed of coming together. Love is the force of creation. But all force, spiritual or physical, has its polarity, its positive and its negative. All things that fall, fall by gravitation to the earth. But has not the earth, in the opposite of gravitation, cast off the moon and held her at bay in our heavens during all the æons of time?

So with love. Love is the hastening gravitation of spirit towards spirit, and body towards body, in the joy of creation. But if all be united in one bond of love, then there is no more love. The triumph of love is the end of love. And therefore, for those who are in love with love, to travel is better than to arrive. For in arriving one passes beyond love, or, rather, one encompasses love in a new transcendence. To arrive is the supreme joy after all our travelling.

The bond of love! What worse bondage can we conceive than the bond of love? It is an attempt to wall in the high tide; it is a will to arrest the spring, never to let May dissolve into June, never to let the hawthorn petal fall for the berrying.

This has been our idea of immortality, this infinite of love, love universal and triumphant. And what is this but a prison and a bondage? What is eternity but the endless passage of time? What is infinity but an endless progression through space? Eternity, infinity, our great ideas of rest and arrival, what are they but ideas of endless travelling? Eternity is the endless travelling through time, infinity is the endless travelling through space; no more, however we try to argue it. And immortality, what is it, in our idea, but an endless continuing in the same sort. A continuing, a living for ever, a lasting and enduring for ever—what is this but travelling? An assumption into heaven, a becoming one with God—what is this, likewise, but a projection into the infinite? And how is the infinite an arrival? The infinite is no arrival. When we come to find exactly what we mean by God, by the infinite, by our immortality, it is a meaning of endless continuing in the same line and in the same sort, endless travelling in one direction. This is infinity, endless travelling in one direction. And the God of Love is our idea of the progression *ad infinitum* of the force of love. Infinity is no arrival. It is as much a *cul de sac* as is the bottomless pit. And what is the infinity of love but a *cul de sac* or a bottomless pit?

Love is a progression towards one goal. Therefore it is a progression away from the opposite goal. Love travels heavenwards. What then does love depart from? Hellwards, what is there? Love is at last a positive infinite.

What then is the negative infinite? Positive and negative infinite are the same, since there is only one infinite. How then will it matter whether we travel heavenwards, *ad infinitum*, or in the opposite direction, hellwards, to infinity? Since the infinity obtained is the same in either case, the infinite of pure homogeneity, which is nothingness, or everythingness, it does not matter which.

Infinity, the infinite, is no goal. It is a *cul de sac*, or, in another sense, it is the bottomless pit. To fall down the bottomless pit is to travel for ever. And a pleasant-walled *cul de sac* may be a perfect heaven. But to arrive in a sheltered, paradisal *cul de sac* of peace and unblemished happiness, this will not satisfy us. And to fall for ever down the bottomless pit of progression, this will not do either.

Love is not a goal; it is only a travelling. Likewise death is not a goal; it is a travelling asunder into elemental chaos. And from the elemental chaos all is cast forth again into creation. Therefore death also is but a *cul de sac*, a melting-pot.

There is a goal, but the goal is neither love nor death. It is a goal neither infinite nor eternal. It is the realm of calm delight, it is the other-kingdom of bliss We are like a rose, which is a miracle of pure centrality, pure absolved equilibrium. Balanced in perfection in the midst of time and space, the rose is perfect in the realm of perfection, neither temporal nor spatial, but absolved by the quality of perfection, pure immanence of absolution.

We are creatures of time and space. But we are like a rose; we accomplish perfection, we arrive in the absolute. We are creatures of time and space. And we are at once creatures of pure transcendence, absolved from time and space, perfected in the realm of the absolute, the other world of bliss.

And love, love is encompassed and surpassed. Love always has been encompassed and surpassed by the fine lovers. We are like a rose, a perfect arrival.

Love is manifold, it is not of one sort only. There is the love between man and woman, sacred and profane. There is Christian love, "thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." And there is the love of God. But always love is a joining together.

Only in the conjunction of man and woman has love kept a duality of meaning. Sacred love and profane love, they are opposed and yet they are both love. The love between man and woman is the greatest and most complete passion the world will ever see, because it is dual, because it is of two opposing kinds. The love between man and woman is the perfect heart-beat of life, systole, diastole.

Sacred love is selfless, seeking not its own. The lover serves his beloved and seeks perfect communion of oneness with her. But whole love between man and woman is sacred and profane together. Profane love seeks its own. I seek my own in the beloved, I wrestle with her to wrest it from her. We are not clear, we are mixed and mingled. I am in the beloved also, and she is in me. Which should not be, for this is confusion and chaos. Therefore I will gather myself complete and free from the beloved, she shall single herself out in utter contradistinction to me. There is twilight in our souls, neither light nor dark. The light must draw itself together in purity, the dark must stand on the other hand; they must be two complete in opposition, neither one partaking of the other, but each single in its own stead.

We are like a rose. In the pure passion for oneness, in the pure passion for distinctness and separateness, a dual passion of unutterable separation and lovely conjunction of the two, the new configuration takes place, the transcendence, the two in their perfect singleness transported into one surpassing heaven of a rose-blossom.

But the love between a man and a woman, when it is whole, is dual. It is the melting into pure communion, and it is the friction of sheer sensuality, both. In pure communion I become whole in love. And in pure, fierce passion of sensuality I am burned into essentiality, I am driven from the matrix into sheer separate distinction. I become my single self, inviolable and unique, as the gems were perhaps once driven into themselves out of the confusion of earths. The woman and I, we are the confusion of earths. Then in the fire of their extreme sensual love, in the friction of intense, destructive flames, I am destroyed and reduced to essentiality; she is destroyed and reduced to her essential otherness. It is a destructive fire, this profane love. But it is the only fire that will purify us

into singleness, fuse us from the chaos into our own unique gem-like separateness of being.

All whole love between man and woman is thus dual, a love which is the motion of melting, fusing together into oneness, and a love which is the intense, frictional, and sensual gratification of being burnt down, burnt apart into separate clarity of being, unthinkable otherness and separateness. But not all love between man and woman is whole. It may be all gentle, the merging into oneness, like St. Francis and St. Clare, or Mary of Bethany and Jesus. There may be no separateness discovered, no singleness won, no unique otherness admitted. This is a half love, what is called sacred love. And this is the love which knows the purest happiness. On the other hand, the love may be all a lovely battle of sensual gratification, the beautiful but deadly counterposing of male against female, as Tristan and Isolde. These are the lovers that top the summit of pride, they go with the grandest banners, they are the gem-like beings, he pure male singled and separated out in superb jewel-like isolation of arrogant manhood, she purely woman, a lily balanced in rocking pride of beauty and perfume of womanhood. This is the profane love, that ends in flamboyant and lacerating tragedy when the two which are so singled out are torn finally apart by death. But if profane love ends in piercing tragedy, none the less the sacred love ends in a poignant yearning and exquisite submissive grief. St. Francis dies and leaves St. Clare to her pure sorrow.

There must be two in one, always two in one—the sweet love of communion and the fierce, proud love of sensual fulfilment, both together in one love. And then we are like a rose. We surpass even love, love is encompassed and surpassed. We are two who have a pure conjunction. We are two, isolated like gems in our unthinkable otherness. But the rose contains and transcends us, we are one rose, beyond.

The Christian love, the brotherly love, this is always sacred. I love my neighbour as myself. What then? I am enlarged, I surpass myself, I become whole in mankind. In the whole of perfect humanity I am whole. I am the microcosm, the epitome of the great macrocosm.

I speak of the perfectibility of man. Man can be made perfect in love, he can become a creature of love alone. Then humanity shall be one whole of love. This is the perfect future for those who love their neighbours as themselves.

But, alas! however much I may be the microcosm, the exemplar of brotherly love, there is in me this necessity to separate and distinguish myself into gem-like singleness, distinct and apart from all the rest, proud as a lion, isolated as a star. This is a necessity within me. And as this necessity is unfulfilled, it becomes stronger and stronger until it becomes dominant.

Then I shall hate the self that I am, powerfully and profoundly shall I hate this microcosm that I have become, this epitome of mankind. I shall hate myself with madness the more I persist in adhering to my achieved self of brotherly love. Still I shall persist in representing a whole loving humanity, until the unfulfilled passion for singleness drives me into action. Then I shall hate my neighbour as I hate myself. And then, woe betide my neighbour and me! Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad. And this is how we become mad, by being impelled into activity by the subconscious reaction against the self we maintain, without ever ceasing to maintain this detested self. We are bewildered, dazed. In the name of brotherly love we rush into stupendous blind activitives of brotherly hate. We are made mad by the split, the duality in ourselves. The gods wish to destroy us because we serve them too well. Which is the end of brotherly love, *liberté*, *fraternité*, *égalité*. How can there be liberty when I am not free to be other than fraternal and equal? I must be free to be separate and unequal in the finest sense if I am to be free. *Fraternité* and *égalité*, these are tyranny of tyrannies.

There must be brotherly love, a wholeness of humanity. But there must also be pure, separate individuality, separate and proud as a lion or a hawk. There must be both. In the duality lies fulfilment. Man must act in concert with man, creatively and happily. This is greatest happiness. But man must also act separately and distinctly, apart from every other man, single and self-responsible and proud with unquenchable pride, moving for himself with-

out reference to his neighbour. These two movements are opposite, yet they do not negate each other. We have understanding. And if we understand, then we balance perfectly between the two motions, we are single, isolated individuals, we are a great concordant humanity, both, and then the rose of perfection transcends us, the rose of the world which has never yet blossomed, but which will blossom from us when we begin to understand both sides and to live in both directions, freely and without fear, following the inmost desires of our body and spirit, which arrive in us out of the unknown.

Lastly, there is the love of God; we become whole with God. But God as we know Him is either infinite love or infinite pride and power, always one or the other, Christ or Jehovah, always one half excluding the other half. Therefore, God is forever jealous. If we love one God, we must hate this one sooner or later, and choose the other. This is the tragedy of religious experience. But the Holy Spirit, the unknowable, is single and perfect for -us.

There is that which we cannot love, because it surpasses either love or hate. There is the unknown and the unknowable which propounds all creation. This we cannot love, we can only accept it as a term of our own limitation and ratification. We can only know that from the unknown profound desires enter in upon us, and that the fulfilling of these desires is the fulfilling of creation. We know that the rose comes to blossom. We know that we are incipient with blossom. It is our business to go as we are impelled, with faith and pure spontaneous morality, knowing that the rose blossoms, and taking that knowledge for sufficient.

Tiger Law

By Elizabeth Kirby

His name was Smith, but he hoped to outlive that initial handicap. He had dreams of a peerage in the future, backed by a mansion in Park Lane. All his dreams were of that solid, distinct kind. He meant to take all that he could get, so much at least as he could comfortably hold.

His age was twenty-eight, and he called himself an "old-young man." He was a man of the world, so he said—a cynic, a *roué*, any word you like that denotes hardened profligacy. It was his boast that he was heartless. He often compared himself to the king in a game of chess, treading down pawns, taking knights, bishops, castles, even the queen, on his path to victory.

Now all philosophies are submitted to a test sooner or later. Certain circumstances develop suddenly, and the system is tried by fire or water or by some ordeal more complex than either. Such a trial was presented to Smith in the shape of a girl, and since we are taking him as an exercise in psychology we will look into the matter.

Now this was not the first girl to encounter Smith, but she was the first to genuinely love him. They met in a Bayswater boarding-house of shabby mediocrity. You must imagine this hero and heroine performing upon a stage lighted by flaring gas-jets, with only a cheap violin for orchestra. Their environment was not conducive to romance.

The other boarders had their own farcical tragedies to play, but they found time to take note of Smith's. They were continually lurking in the wings, peering, eavesdropping, hoping always to interrupt some damning scene, fearful less by any chance the drama should end happily. They were all more or less embittered, having failed in their own adventure, like children who sulk because they have drawn a thin, unexciting parcel out of the bran pie. There were Mr. and Mrs. Minchford, the

Anglo-Indians who had been in every sort of boarding-house, and could tell you exactly what this one lacked. They thought the heating apparatus very inefficient as compared with that used in their last; and they had been accustomed to second helpings at meals, which was not the rule here. They often said they would have to move, but still they lingered. Mrs. Minchford sat in the lounge all day, knitting socks and rending characters in the company of Mrs. Pinkerton, a derelict wife. This lady was herself a source of eager gossip in the boarding-house, some even asserting that her marriage certificate was a convenient myth, and that it would be interesting to see it. There were also odd women making a living for themselves as clerks in City offices. Smith's girl was one of these. Add to this collection a few shabby young men and some negligible quantities known to the servants as "temporaries." Each week brought new specimens of this variety, and one or two had been known to vanish suddenly leaving the bill unpaid.

Such was the atmosphere, fetid and a trifle squalid, in which a Sleeping Beauty woke to consciousness at the approach of Smith. She saw him first in the lounge one evening. She was alone in the room, reading Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* till the dinner-gong should sound. In the daytime she was a shorthand-typist, but at night she became a philosopher, an intellectual. She meant to write books—great books. At present she was preparing herself for the magnificent career. Her name was Priscilla.

She was in the midst of a tremendous yawn when Smith appeared. He caught her eye and laughed.

"Am I interrupting you?" he asked.

She smiled, betraying a dimple.

"Not at all. Do I look absorbed?"

"Well, not exactly. What's the book?"

She handed it to him, and he nodded approval.

"Quite good stuff that. Are you making a definite study of the subject?"

She said that she was, so far as time allowed. Then he rested his head against the chair-back, half closing his eyes and commenced a soliloquy upon philosophy, his own and other people's. He quoted freely from various

sources, repeating the author's sentiments as his own and *vice versâ*, which was a favourite trick of his.

"You talk awfully well," she said. "You seem to simplify things so that one begins to see and understand."

"Well, a Public School education is responsible for that," said Smith superbly. "I was at Eton, you know. And at Cambridge I went into those subjects very thoroughly. We had debates and all that sort of thing. But I'm glad I've been able to help you."

"I find that it's such a terribly big subject," she confessed. "One simply doesn't know where to begin."

"What fun it would be if we could combine," he said. "Would it help you if I were to read with you?"

She considered the matter, and decided that it would. With a large magnificence he promised his support, assuring her that it would refresh his memory and even teach him something. Sublime humility!

"And now I must trot off to a damnable dinner," he declared. "I tell you I get frightfully sick of the Savoy. But society has its claims even upon us philosophers."

So saying, he rose and surveyed himself in the glass. He stroked his little moustache tenderly and adjusted his tie. Then he bowed to Priscilla.

"More philosophy to-morrow," he said. "I'm looking forward to those readings."

The next day she looked out for him at dinner, but he was nowhere to be seen. Afterwards she sat in the lounge reading Kant and listening to the scandal-mongers, but still he did not come. Oh, well, he had forgotten all about it, and that was an end of the matter. She had been a fool to look forward to his company. Yet it would have been jolly to have had an intellectual friendship. The people here were so vapid, you could not talk to them about the things that matter. She sighed and inwardly resolved to be more self-sufficing.

She sighed again as she turned out the light and prepared for sleep. She believed that he slept next door. That was a coincidence. Queer that the two philosophers of the establishment should repose co-laterally with but a wall between. She wished he had not so blatantly hurled Eton and Cambridge at her head the previous night. She smiled, remembering how laboriously he had produced

them. But he was a clever youth in spite of it. It was a pity they might not read together after all.

She had reached this point when there was a quick step in the passage, followed by a tentative knocking at her door. With a childish defiance of convention she called "Come in," and sat up with the bedclothes huddled round her neck.

"May I wake you up?" said the voice of Smith, and the light was imperiously switched on. He was in evening dress, immaculate and debonair.

"I thought you'd forgotten about philosophy," said Priscilla.

"Rather not, but I had another beastly engagement. Simply couldn't escape it. I say, what a charming room this is." She was gratified, for she had taken pains to make it pretty.

He stooped to smell a bunch of violets on the dressing-table.

"The woman's touch," he murmured; "it's marvellous."

"I love flowers," she confessed. "They make beautiful companions."

He sat down on the arm of a chair and surveyed her pictures.

"I hope you don't think me fearfully rude," he said. "Turn me out if you do, and I shall quite understand. But I'm sure you're not in the least conventional, are you? You're too clever."

Priscilla liked that. She was a Bohemian child, hotly despising petty laws, and it was good to meet another such. What perception the man had to recognise her so instantly.

"I say, I suppose you wouldn't come and sit with me while I eat my supper?"

She consented, conscious that she was being riotously Bohemian. Yet what matter? It would be fun, and this was an entirely spiritual friendship after all.

"Oh, you are great!" he cried. "I'll go and make ready for the feast."

When he had gone she scrambled out of bed like an eager child and put on her dressing-gown. The pink fleecy thing made her more than ever babyish.

They sat on cushions in front of a gas fire and partook of cocoa and sweet biscuits. Their conversation covered

a multitude of subjects, philosophy, literature, human nature, the boarding-house and its occupants, sex and free love.

"I don't think it's the highest way of loving," declared Priscilla. "It's too promiscuous."

"There you make the mistake of ignorance," said Smith. "Believe me, I'm a man of the world, and I know what I'm talking about when I say that it's the only means to development. I've experienced it dozens of times."

"Oh!" cried Priscilla, a little doubtfully.

He half closed his eyes as one who sees visions. "God! the magnificence of passion," he said. "The pain and the joy of it, the delicious anxieties! You work up to a gorgeous climax of emotion and just leave it there. To go further would spoil the whole."

"But what about the woman?" said Priscilla. "Doesn't it break her heart to be left like that?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"How do I know? She reaches her highest development in love, and what more can she ask?"

"It seems rather a cruel theory," she protested.

"All power is cruel," he declared. "Besides, the poor dears make us hurt them. They simply ask for it."

"I wonder if I would be more interesting if I had had experiences?" she said.

"Of course you would. Those things develop one enormously. It would make you more human; at the moment you're all mind."

On the next evening Smith repeated the performance, absenting himself from dinner and only appearing when she had been in bed some time; and indeed she had fallen asleep when his knock aroused her.

"Let me talk to you," he begged. "I'm so frightfully lonely to-night."

She sat up, drowsy but sympathetic.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing in particular. This place depresses me, and then I have so much important work on hand. But you have an extraordinary effect on me. You make me forget my worries. You turn me into a boy again."

"Tell me the biggest adventure you've ever had," he commanded.

"You won't be shocked?"

"I? Good God!" His tone implied that it was blasphemy even to suggest it.

She laughed. "Well, once upon a time I dressed up in my brother's clothes and went to call on all the dullest maiden ladies in the town. My sister came with me, and we had the loveliest time. It was a cathedral town, all prunes and prisms. Wasn't that an adventure?"

"Oh, I say, you're splendid," said Smith. "You're really frightfully sweet."

She sighed contentedly like a little dog basking in firelight.

"I have a thirst for being appreciated," she confessed. "So I'm glad you like me."

"Like you! I love you," he declared. "You're inimitable."

She chuckled, then grew immensely solemn.

"I'm afraid you're getting sentimental," she asserted.

"Of course I am. It's part of the childish mood. I feel like a baby now, with not a care left in my mind. I want nothing in this world but permission to play with your hair. May I?"

He put out a wistful hand towards her curly plait, and she let him have his way. After all, he was tired and in need of petting. Even philosophers, you know, have their moods. She kept quiet, her eyes full of thought, while he gently made havoc of the bunch of curls.

"You know, all those stupid people in the lounge would accuse us of flirting if they could see us now," she said. "But we're not."

"Which just shows that they have beastly minds. Flirting is a cheap word," he asserted. "Artists don't flirt." He looked into her eyes, and the softness of his glance embarrassed her.

"Of course they don't," she murmured. "It's unbeautiful."

"Instead, they love each other," he insisted, "and so fulfil themselves. Don't you know that? Have you never been in love?"

She shook her head, greatly ashamed.

"Is it absolutely necessary?" she breathed.

He put his arm about her, as it were sub-consciously.

"Absolutely necessary, you sweet thing," he whispered. "Let me teach you how."

"I'm sure it's wrong," she answered, yet she made no other protest.

"Darling, how sweet you are!" he cried. "Why should it be wrong?"

Her head was on his shoulder now, all was intimate and cosy. Philosophy looked cold from such a vantage point.

"Isn't it rather promiscuous?" she ventured.

He pretended to take offence at that.

"What a horrible word! Do you think I'm the sort of man who goes about kissing girls? Don't you see that this is a matter of affinity?"

"Well, anyhow, it's cheapening," she affirmed; "unmaidenly, you know, and fast, and quite unprincipled. The woman ought to set a good example, they say, and I'm not doing that."

"Oh, you're too perfectly sweet," said Smith. "You say the most delicious things."

"Perhaps I'm a little old-fashioned," she confessed. "Do you think that's it?"

"Of course it is, and I love it."

With that he drew her close and kissed her lips.

"Oh, darling, darling!" he whispered. "Let me wake the love and passion in you! Darling, say that I may!"

His voice was tremulous as a wind-swept stream, the passion in it moved her mightily.

"But what's the good?" she answered softly. "It would hurt me to no purpose."

"It would make you grow," he said.

She stroked his head, tender, commiserating.

"You see, we're not in love."

"I love every inch of you!" he interrupted.

"But I don't think we belong to each other," she persisted. "Some day my fairy prince will come, and you will meet your princess, and then we shall feel sorry that we've once played with love."

"What beautiful ideas you have," he cried. "And what a baby you are. Kiss me, darling, and don't make one more moral objection."

"But don't you believe in marriage?" She paused with her lips upon his cheek to ask the question.

"The only marriages are those of love," said Smith, with glorious vagueness. "Beauty flies away while you sit down to make a contract. But we can't discuss the ethics of love, darling. Let's taste the finite instead. You haven't kissed me yet."

She laughed at his persistence and kissed him shyly. Her lips were soft and cool, like a snowflake.

"Oh, darling, I love you!" said Smith.

His breath came quick, as the footsteps of a runner. His passion was rising like a storm. Priscilla sighed.

"Darling," she whispered, "are you quite sure that it isn't just . . . well, just the outside of me that you like?"

"Dearest, of course not! I loved your mind first."

"I'm glad of that," she said. "It makes it more romantic." With that she snuggled down in the shelter of his arms and gave herself up to the joy of being cherished. She was very much a child despite her philosophy and her twenty-two years. Yet soon Smith became violently demonstrative, so that she had to send him away reluctant, protesting. She felt afraid of this fire she had lighted.

He turned about unwillingly; his hair had lost its sleek propriety, it looked thick and rough. At the door he hesitated, then came back.

"Just one more kiss, darling." She surrendered her lips once more, and finally got rid of him. But she did not go to sleep. For many hours she lay motionless, thinking upon this wonderful thing that had so miraculously come to pass. Often there had been days when she had prayed God to send her a lover. Now with what beautiful suddenness had the answer appeared. When at last she fell asleep a happy smile trembled about her lips and her curtained eyes held fast a dozen precious memories. As for Smith, he read a scrofulous novel in a lurid cover—to increase his appetite for these affairs. And so the trial of a philosophy began.

That was only the first of many such scenes, but the others were less romantic. Once having opened a way for himself, Smith went ahead with characteristic vehemence. He was even irritable when she produced her little problems for his wiser head to solve. He often was rude to her, exhibiting a grand impatience with her childish morality.

"My dear, sweet fool," he would exclaim when she produced principles. "That sort of thing isn't done nowadays. Only one's tradespeople hold to these cheap conventions. The Smart Set is gloriously immoral. I'm in it, so I know. You talk about sin and virtue as though you came from Brixton."

Sometimes he would come in from a dinner-party crying "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" into Priscilla's ear. "Do you know where I've been?" he would say. Invariably she gave the requisite meed of interest, secretly smiling at his dear foolishness.

Once he was immensely excited, so that Priscilla almost had to stop her ears to shut out his high-pitched crowing.

"What happened?" she asked, exhibiting a splendid patience.

"Oh, nothing much," said Smith. "Only dined with a Knight of the Garter and sat next to the Lord Chancellor of England."

She sighed. He jarred one's nerves at times like an importunately banging door.

"Was he interesting?"

Smith yawned.

"Oh, yes. And a man like that is worth cultivating. To a good chessman all pieces are of use."

She smiled at his immense vanity. Another night found him straddling a new hobby-horse. This time he had dined with a City magnate of much wealth resident in Berkeley Square.

"You ought to see their mansion," said Smith to Priscilla. "Everything of the best, you know—frightfully massive and expensive. While we were at dinner he got news of a big fire in one of his warehouses which meant the loss of thousands of pounds. But a trifle like that doesn't bother him. He's simply full of money."

"He sounds gross," said Priscilla.

"I wish I were more like him," Smith declared. "Oh, it makes me sick to come back to a hole like this after being with decent people in a perfectly furnished house. I think I shall have to leave this damned spot in a week or two and go back to my flat in Piccadilly. I ought never to have left it. I can't get on without a valet."

She was hurt that he should so lightly contemplate

leaving her. "I think you're frightfully callous," she said.

He paused, surveying the ceiling with half-closed eyes.

"I'm a man of iron," he said. "I don't care that"—he snapped his fingers—"for sentimental feelings. If a woman were to fall down at my feet and sob and moan and try to hold me, I would trample her down for getting in my way. I am quite heartless. You have to be if you want to succeed."

"You only love yourself, then?"

"Only myself. I am never lonely, never dependent on any single person; in fact, I'm self-sufficient, a ruthless egoist, as all great men have been."

She laughed very softly and gently pulled his hair.

"Dear old thing, I know you better than to believe those dreadful things. I think you're just wonderfully young." He was not ill-pleased at the remark.

As time went on she could not but acknowledge that this romance was disappointing. There was no strength in Smith that one could lean on and respect. Yet she continued to love him for his very littleness. His follies were infinite as his conceit. He borrowed her toilet powder for his own use, he sprayed himself liberally with her scent, and washed with a Parisian soap. Of course, the philosophy readings never took place. He lost his temper or yawned abysmally, enraged if she so much as mentioned Kant. And that again disappointed her. Yet because she loved him she would not face it squarely.

"It's more thoughtlessness than anything," she said. "And then he's so young."

There is no knowing how far she would have gone in her desire to please him. Most likely she would have given all she had. But Smith was cautious, and he asked for nothing for which he ultimately might have to pay. His prudence was remarkable; it formed the criterion of all his actions by simply asking, "Will it pay?" And in the throes of a strong passion, panting and desirous, Smith always listened to that question and obeyed the decree.

It would not have paid him in this instance to ruin Priscilla. There would have been disastrous consequences detrimental to his career. And he had no intention of marrying till he found a mate possessed of social status

and solid fortune. His union would be, first and foremost, a commercial enterprise. In view of these facts he decided that this affair had lasted long enough.

"I'm leaving on Monday," he declared one day.

She seemed to brace herself like one fighting against a wind. Then she asked why he was going. The pain in her eyes annoyed him.

"My dear child, don't be idiotic. Is this the sort of place for a society man? Do you think I'm used to discomfort, my boots badly cleaned, and my bell never answered? I rang six times yesterday, and no one came. Oh, it's simply hell for a man of my position."

"Don't you think that I might miss you?" she asked, holding fast to the mantelpiece.

"God!" he cried, "how selfish you are! Can't you be glad for my sake that I'm going to be more comfortable?"

"I think it's you who are selfish," she said. "You think of no one but yourself."

"Certainly. Sentimentalists go to the wall in this world. It's the pushing egoist who prospers."

"Is prosperity everything?"

She eyed him wistfully as she put the question, believing in face of evidence that he was only playing a part.

"Yes, it's everything," he said. "Nothing else matters."

"Not even love?"

"Love, my dear child, is an episode. If you're anything of an artist you must know that."

"I suppose this has been—just an episode?" she said.

"Oh, damn it!" cried Smith. "Can't you argue impersonally?"

That night she slept on a wet pillow, and during the three days that preceded his going she went about full of a dull pain like one condemned to death. How she dreaded Monday, yet looked forward to it as the definite limit of her acutest misery.

He, for his part, was out of sorts, having acquired a cold in the head from too violent dancing at a night club. So he was unusually short-tempered towards the end of this romance.

"Say good-bye to me before you go," she pleaded,

meeting him in the passage on Sunday night. He was in evening dress, bound for a bridge-party.

"If I feel well enough," he promised. "But I daresay this beastly show will tire me out. Good-night, little girl."

She stood looking after him, and shivered as the front door banged behind him with vicious finality. The world looked tragically desolate as she ate her chilly supper of cold ham. Despite his littleness she loved him so. Yet he was going, inevitably going, without a thought for her. She prayed to God before she fell asleep for strength to overcome this most unreasonable love. Clearly Smith was not worth a strong affection. Yet as she thought of him she had to clench her hands till the nails bit into the skin, so imperative was her desire to take his young head on her breast. The peculiar sweet scent of his hair still hung about her pillow where he had laid his head when last he visited her. It made her memories more vivid. Remembering some of his speeches she hid her head, writhing to and fro. She loved him, and he was going away. She never would see him again. Yet even now she could not believe that his philosophy would indeed hold good. As she lay there weeping she kept a little dim hope at the back of her mind that he was but pretending after all.

Towards midnight his step sounded at the door, but he went into his own room, and soon she heard the click of the electric light as he turned it out. Then he was not coming after all! She sat upright, vastly forlorn. Her eyes had the strained dullness of despair, her lips drooped childishly. So he would not even say good-bye.

For half an hour or more she sat there, rigid save for occasional shivers, staring blindly before her. Then she dropped her head upon her updrawn knees.

"Oh, God, help me!" she muttered. "Don't let me do it."

With that she laid her cheek against the wall and shut her eyes, murmuring inconsequent endearments. Then suddenly, almost violently, she rose and put on the fleecy dressing-gown.

"Oh, God, I must!" she said, as though He had objected. Then she walked to Smith's door and laid tremulous fingers on the handle. Ever so softly she entered

the room. By the light of the gas fire she saw he was asleep, and for a moment she stood looking down at him. His hair was rough as she liked it best, his thin lips a little parted. He was like some cold young Greek in repose, she thought. Certainly he had a cruel face, but he was beautiful. And young—so fragrantly, divinely young.

"Darling," she said, "wake up!"

He made no movement, so she spoke again, touching him on the cheek. At that he opened his eyes and saw her standing there.

"Good God!" he groaned. "What an unearthly time for visiting a man!"

That hurt her pride.

"I can't go to sleep," she said. "I wondered if you could give me a cigarette."

"Impossible, haven't got one. Really, it's fearfully selfish of you to wake me up like this when you know I'm not well."

She stood still shivering.

"I'm so sorry," she said. "I suppose you'll be going away to-morrow?"

"Of course I am, and I'm jolly glad of it. This is no place for me, as I've said before. And now do go to bed like a good girl."

She turned about unsteadily, and then hesitated.

"Say good-bye," she said, and her voice was husky with tears.

"Oh, look here, this is no time for sentiment," said Smith. "We're sure to meet again. For Heaven's sake, let me get some sleep."

She came towards him, defying shame; her hands groped out uncertainly.

"Won't you kiss me, just once?" she whispered.

"No, I'm not in the mood for demonstrations. I'm very ill and tired."

He turned his face to the wall like a sulky child, muttering imprecations. She walked to the door, one small hand tightly clenched, a fierce desolation tearing her heart. Then she paused and looked back. His eyes were resolutely shut. Quietly, carefully, she closed the door and went back to her bed. She did not cry at all or make any sign of grief. All night she lay quite still with open eyes.

Charles Baudelaire

By Arthur Symons

I

BAUDELAIRE'S genius is satanical; he has in a sense the vision of Satan. He sees in the past the lusts of the Borgias, the sins and vices of the Renaissance; the rare virtues that flourish like flowers and weeds, in brothels and in garrets. He sees the vanity of the world with finer modern tastes than Solomon; for his imagination is abnormal, and divinely normal. In this age of infamous shames he has no shame. His flesh endures, his intellect is flawless. He chooses his own pleasures delicately, sensitively, as he gathers his exotic *Fleurs du Mal*, in itself a world, neither a *Divina Commedia* nor *Une Comédie Humaine*, but a world of his own fashioning.

His vividly imaginative passion, with his instincts of inspiration, are aided by a determined will, a self-reserve, an intensity of conception, an implacable insolence, an accurate sense of the exact value of every word. In the Biblical sense he might have said of his own verse: "It is bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh." The work, as the man, is subtle, strange, complex, morbid, enigmatical, refined, paradoxical, spiritual, animal. To him a scent means more than a sunset, a perfume more than a flower, the tempting demons more than the unseductive angels. He loves luxury as he loves wine; a picture of Manet's as a woman's fan.

Fascinated by sin, he is never the dupe of his emotions; he sees sin as the Original Sin; he studies sin as he studies evil, with a stern logic; he finds in horror a kind of attractiveness, as Poe had found it; rarely in hideous things, save when his sense of what I call a moralist makes him moralise, as in his terrible poem, *Une Charogne*. He has pity for misery, hate for progress. He is analytic, he is a

learned casuist, whom I can compare with the formidable Spanish Jesuit, Thomas Sanchez, who wrote the Latin *Aphorismi Matrimonio* (1629).

His soul swims on music played on no human instrument, but on strings that the Devil pulls, to which certain living puppets dance in grotesque fashion, to unheard-of rhythms, to the sound of violins strummed on by evil spirits in Witches' Sabbatts. Some swing in the air, as hanged dead people on gallows, and, as their bones rattle in the wind, one sees Judas Iscariot, risen out of Hell for an instant's gratification, as he grimaces on these grimacing visages.

Les Fleurs du Mal is the most curious, subtle, fascinating, and extraordinary creation of an entire world ever fashioned in modern ages. Baudelaire paints vice and degradation of the utmost depth, with cynicism and with pity, as in the poem I have referred to, where the cult of the corpse is the sensuality of ascetism, or the ascetism of sensuality: the mania of fakirs; material by passion, Christian by perversity.

And, in a sense, he is our modern Catullus; in his furies, his negations, his outcries, his Paganism, his inconceivable passion for woman's flesh; yet Lesbia is for ever Lesbia. Still, Baudelaire in his *Franciscae meae Laudes*, and with less sting but with as much sensual sense of the splendour of sex, gives a magnificent Latin eulogy of a learned and pious modiste, that ends:

> **Patera gemmis corusca,**
> **Panis salsus, mollis esca,**
> **Divinum vinum, Francisca.**

And he praises the Decadent Latin language in these words: "Dans cette merveilleuse langue, le solécisme et le barbarisme me paraissent rendre les négligences forcés d'une passion qui s'oublie et se moque des règles."

Don Juan aux Enfers is a perfect Delacroix. In *Danse Macabre* there is the universal swing of the dancers who dance the Dance of Death. Death herself, in her extreme horror, ghastly, perfumed with myrrh, mixes her irony with men's insanity as she dances the Sabbatts of Pleasure. He shows us the infamous menagerie of the vices in the guise of reptiles; our chief enemy Ennui is *ce monstre*

délicat. There are Vampires, agonies of the damned alive; *Le Possédé* with his excruciating cry out of all his fibres: *O mon cher Belzébuth! je t'adore!* And there are some, subtler and silent, that seem to move, softly, as the feet of Night, to the sound of faint music, or under the shroud of a sunset.

Les Fleurs du Mal are grown in Parisian soil, exotics that have the strange, secretive, haunting touch and taint of the earth's or of the body's corruption. In his sense of beauty there is a certain revolt, a spiritual malady, which may bring with it the heated air of an alcove or the intoxicating atmosphere of the East. Never since Villon has the flesh of woman been more adored and abhorred. Both aware of the original sin of *l'unique animal*—the seed of our moral degradation—Villon creates his *Grosse Margot* and Baudelaire *Delphine et Hippolyte*.. Villon's is a scullion-wench, and in the Ballad a Brothel as infamous, as foul, as abominable as a Roman Lupanar surges before one's astonished vision. And this comes after his supreme, his consummate praise of ruinous old age on a harlot's body: *Les Regrets de la Belle Heaulmière.* It is one of the immortal things that exist in the world, that I can compare only with Rodin's statue in bronze: both equal incarnations of the symbolical conception that sin brought shame into the first woman's flesh.

Qui m'en reste-il? Honte et Péché:

cries each mouth, cries to the end of earth's eternity.

In Baudelaire's *Femmes Damnées* there is the aching soul of the spirit's fatal malady: that sexual malady for which there is no remedy: the Lesbian sterile perilous divinisation of flesh for flesh, virginal or unvirginal flesh *with* flesh. In vain desire, of that one desire that exists beyond all possible satisfaction, the desire of an utter annihilation of body with body in that ecstasy which can never be absolutely achieved without man's flesh, they strive, unconsumed with even the pangs of their fruitless desires. They live only with a life of desire, and that obsession has carried them beyond the wholesome bounds of nature into the violence of a perversity which is at times almost insane. And all this sorrowful and tortured flesh

is consumed with that feverish desire that leaves them only a short space for their desire's fruitions.

II

Certain of these Flowers of Evil are poisonous; some are grown in the hotbeds of Hell; some have the perfume of a serpentine girl's skin; some the odour of woman's flesh. Certain spirits are intoxicated by these accursed flowers, to save themselves from the too much horror of their vices, from the worse torture of their violated virtues. And a cruel imagination has fashioned these naked images of the Seven Deadly Sins, eternally regretful of their first fall; that smile not even in Hell, in whose flames they writhe. One conceives them there and between the sun and the earth; in the air, carried by the winds; aware of their infernal inheritance. They surge like demons out of the Middle Ages; they are incapable of imagining God's justice.

Baudelaire dramatises these living images of his spirit and of his imaginaton, these fabulous creatures of his inspiration, these macabre ghosts, in a fashion utterly different from that of other tragedians—Shakespeare, and Aristophanes in his satirical Tragedies, his lyrical Comedies; yet in the same sense of being the writer where beauty marries unvirginally the sons of ancient Chaos.

In these pages swarm (in his words) all the corruptions and all the scepticisms; ignoble criminals without convictions, detestable hags that gamble, the cats that are like men's mistresses; Harpagon; the exquisite, barbarous, divine, implacable, mysterious Madonna of the Spanish style; the old men; the drunkards, the assassins, the lovers (their deaths and lives); the owls; the vampires whose kisses raise from the grave the corpse of its own self; the Irremediable that assails its origin: Conscience in Evil! There is an almost Christ-like poem on this passion, *Le Reniement de Saint-Pierre*, an almost satanic denunciation of God in *Abel and Cain*, and with them the Evil Monk, an enigmatical symbol of Baudelaire's soul, of his work, of all that his eyes love and hate. Certain of these creatures play in travesties, dance in ballets. For all the Arts are transformed, transfigured, transplanted out of

their natural forms to pass in magnificent state across the stage: the stage with the abyss of Hell in front of it.

"Sensualist" (I quote a critic), "but the most profound of sensualists, and, furious of being no more than that, he goes, in his sensation, to the extreme limit, to the mysterious gate of infinity against which he knocks, yet knows not how to open, with rage he contracts his tongue in the vain effort." Yet centuries before him Dante entered Hell, traversed it in imagination from its endless beginning to its endless end; returned to earth to write, for the spirit of Beatrice and for the world, that *Divina Commedia*, of which in Verona certain women said:

> "Lo, he that strolls to Hell and back
> At will! Behold him, how Hell's reek
> Has crisped his beard and singed his cheek."

It is Baudelaire who, in Hell as in earth, finds a certain Satan in such modern hearts as his; that even modern art has an essentially demoniacal tendency; that the infernal pact of man increases daily, as if the Devil whispered in his ear certain sardonic secret. Here in such satanic and romantic atmosphere one hears dissonances, the discords of the instruments in the Sabbatts, the howlings of irony, this vengeance of the vanquished.

I give one sentence of Gautier's on Baudelaire. "This poet of *Les Fleurs du Mal* loved what one wrongly calls the style of decadence, which is no other thing than the arrival of art at this extreme point of maturity that determined in their oblique suns the civilisations that aged: a style ingenious, complicated, learned, full of shades and of rarities, turning for ever backward the limits of the language, using technical vocabularies, taking colours from all the palettes, notes from all the keyboards, striving to render one's thought in what is most ineffable, and form in its most vague and evasive contours, listening so as to translate them the subtle confidences of neurosis, the passionate confessions of ancient passions in their depravity and the bizarre hallucinations of the fixed in idea." He adds: "In regard to his verse there is the language already veined in the greenness of decomposition, the tainted language of the later Roman Empire and the complicated refinements of the Byzantine School, the last form

of Greek art fallen in delinquencies." See how perfectly the phrase *la langue de faisandée* suits the exotic style of Baudelaire!

Yet, tainted as the style is from time to time, never was the man himself tainted: he who in modern verse gave first of all an unknown taste to sensations; he who painted vice in all its shame; whose most savorous verses are perfumed as with subtle aromas; whose women are bestial, rouged, sterile, bodies without souls; whose *Litanies de Satan* have that cold irony which he alone possessed in its extremity, in these so-called impious lines which reveal, under whatever disguise, his belief in a mathematical superiority established by God from all eternity, and whose least infraction is punished by certain chastisements, in this world as in the next.

I can imagine Baudelaire in his hours of nocturnal terrors, sleepless in a hired woman's bed, saying to himself these words of Marlowe's *Satan*:

> Why, this is Hell, nor can I out of it!

in accents of eternal despair wrenched from the lips of the Arch Fiend. And the genius of Baudelaire, I can but think, was as much haunted as Marlowe's with, in Lamb's words, "a wandering in fields where curiosity is forbidden to go, approaching the dark gulf near enough to look in."

III

Has Baudelaire *l'amour du mal pour le mal*? In a certain sense, yes; in a certain sense, no. He believes in evil as in Satan and God—the primitive forces that govern worlds: the eternal enemies. He sees the germs of evil everywhere, few of the seeds of virtue. He sees pass before him the world's drama: he is one of the actors, he plays his parts cynically, ironically. He speaks in rhythmic cadences.

But, above all, he watches the dancers; these also are elemental; and the tragic fact is that the dancers dance for their living. For their living, for their pleasure, for the pleasure of pleasing others. So passes the fantastic part of their existence, from the savage who dances silent dances—for, indeed, all dancers are silent—but without

music, to the dancer who dances for us on the stage, who turns always to the sound of music. There is an equal magic in the dance and in song; both have their varied rhythms; both, to use an image, the rhythmic beating of our hearts. It is imagined that dancing and music were the oldest of the arts. Rhythm has rightly been called the soul of dancing; both are instinctive.

The dance is life, animal life, having its way passionately. From the first it has mimed the instincts. The dance, then, is art, because it is doubly Nature: and if Nature, as we are told, is sinful, it is doubly sinful. Even the waltz has a fatal rhythm, that shows us the very pattern and symbol of earthly love. Here is Nature (to be renounced, to be at least restrained) hurried violently to a point of absolute passion. And the art of dancing, in its very essence, symbolises life; with so faithful a rendering of its actual instincts! So the art of the ballet awaits us, with its shadowy and real life, its power of letting humanity drift into a rhythm so much of its own, and with ornament so much more generous than its wont.

And something in the particular elegance of the dance, the scenery, the avoidance of emphasis, the evasive, winding turn of things, and, above all, the intellectual as well as sensuous appeal of a living symbol, which can reach the brain through the eyes, in the visual, concrete, imaginative way, has seemed to make the ballet concentrate in itself a good deal of the modern ideal in matters of artistic expression. Nothing is stated, there is no intrusion of words used for the irrelevant purpose of describing; a world rises before one, the picture lasts only long enough to have been there: and the dancer, with her gesture, all pure symbol, evokes from her mere beautiful motion, idea, sensation, all that one need know of events. There, before you, she exists, in harmonious life; and her rhythm reveals to you the soul of her imagined being.

An Eisteddfod in War-Time

By Granville Bantock

THE Royal National Eisteddfod * of Wales was held this year at Birkenhead on September 5th and 6th, the proceedings, which usually occupy four days, being compressed within the compass of two. In view of the fact that most of the English musical festivals have ceased to "carry on" during the war, and may be said to be marking time, it is somewhat surprising to find that this ancient institution is as full as ever of life, activity, and enthusiasm, and apparently in no need of rejuvenation. The scope of work has necessarily been limited in certain respects; for though the number of solo entries has shown a remarkable increase, the choral entries have suffered considerably through the enforced absence of male choristers; and the competition for male voice choirs—generally one of the most important features—was abandoned for obvious reasons. It is gratifying to be able to record that, in spite of the difficulties of the present crisis, the standard of performance compared favourably with that of past years, when the conditions were more auspicious. Regrettable as were the more noteworthy absences, the spirit and remembrance of past friendly rivalries among the competing choirs afforded some temporary consolation, and inspired the hope of an early return to the *status quo ante bellum*.

This national gathering has been held yearly from early times with but few interruptions, the most recent being due to the present war, which necessitated the postponement for a year of the Eisteddfod at Bangor. The festival dates back to the dim ages of Druid worship, and many of the ancient traditions and customs are still, no

* The literal rendering of *Eisteddfod* is *a place of sitting*, the word being derived from the Welsh *eistedd*, a seated assembly. Students of philology may note with interest the resemblance of this word *eistedd* to the Persian root *istad*, from the verb ایستادن *istādan*, to stand.

doubt, faithfully preserved in the Gorsedd, or Session of the Bards, with which the Eisteddfod opens. Among such are the unsheathing of the sword; the election, crowning, and chairing of the chief Bard of the year; the bestowal of honorary names and degrees known as *ovates*, etc. The President of this year's Eisteddfod, Lord Leverhulme, to whose energy and enthusiasm much of the success attending this festival is due, was solemnly invested by the Arch-Druid with an *ovate*, and is to be known henceforth among bards of Wales as *Heulwen* (Sunlight)—a significant and not inappropriate title; while the Mayor of Birkenhead, another worthy recipient, was honoured with the name of *Afonfab* (Son of the River).

There is a traditional atmosphere prevailing at these gatherings, and imagination carries one back to the days of ancient Greece, when the Theatre of Dionysos and the Olympic Games drew together all lovers of art and skill to an intellectual banquet. Literature, Music, Song, and Dance, the plastic and fine Arts, were enjoyed and worshipped as things of beauty that enriched mortal life and led humanity into the presence of the gods.

The festivals of the Greeks and Romans afforded abundant opportunity for the display of mental and bodily energy, and for this reason must have aroused a greater human interest in the proceedings. To-day we draw a sharp distinction between the pleasures of the mind and the body, and are led by preference to indulge in the recreation of either a tragedy or race-meeting, a *revue* or a football match. Except in opera, or ballet, or remote folk-gatherings, we do not now associate the Song and Dance in the happy combination enjoyed by past ages. The judges of our more austere pleasures have pronounced a *decree nisi* and dissolved this once intimate partnership, and it is to be regretted that the development of choral singing to the high pitch of excellence it has reached in our days has witnessed also the decline of the equally fascinating art of dancing. Perhaps the Nonconformist spirit is partly responsible; for while every encouragement seems to have been given to psalmody and the singing of hymns, in which a state of perfection has been almost attained, it is noteworthy that in the folk-music of Wales there are but few instances of secular dance-tunes or

rhythms which have survived the flight of time. Unlike their Irish and Scottish cousins, who can still enjoy a jig, strathspey, reel, or "the skirl of the pipes," our Welsh friends—like ourselves—take their pleasures a little sadly, or—shall we say?—with less muscular energy. The Welsh temperament can be vivacious enough at times, and its general earnestness appears to be due rather to self-control than to a lack of independent spirit. It is to be hoped that the interest that is manifested by a few enthusiasts in the collection and preservation of our national folk-songs and dances may in time develop into a genuine revival and reunion of these kindred arts. The Eisteddfod would surely win a greater popularity, and earn our gratitude, if the dance could be restored to its rightful place among the varied functions of the festival.

It is time now to follow the actual proceedings of an Eisteddfod in war-time in the year 1917. At 8.30 a.m.—an early hour for the public—the Gorsedd, or opening ceremony, is held in Birkenhead Park. Fortunately the weather is fine and sunny, and remains so. Within the circle of standing stones, specially erected for this occasion through the generosity of the President, and lending local colour to the prehistoric scene, the druids and bards, in white and green robes respectively, assemble and take up their positions. The unsheathing of the large sword, and the customary question, "Is it peace?" are omitted, and the Arch-Druid delivers an address to the assembly, proclaiming the great motto of the Eisteddfod, "The truth against the world." He stands on the *Maen Llag*, or central stone, and is presented with the horn of plenty—another interesting and symbolic rite. After this the procession of druids and bards, headed by a juvenile military band playing with relentless rhythmic precision the "March of the Men of Harlech," wends its way to the pavilion—on this occasion a spacious tent with a large wooden platform at one end, and capable of accommodating some three or four thousand people. It is now close upon 11 a.m., and everyone prepares in earnest for the actual business of the day. The druids and bards take their seats on the platform and deliver short words of greeting. The President of the Session—each day has a special president—is duly installed, and the platform conductor steps to the front.

The platform conductor, or "Master of the Show," is the presiding good genius of the festival. Eloquent, resourceful, tactful, quick at repartee, good-natured, he can produce laughter, quell a disturbance, regulate the proceedings, maintain order, bring a tear to the eye or a lump to the throat by the sheer magic of his personality, by a happy phrase, by a deft thrust, a skilful parry, or a sympathetic word. His versatility is remarkable. He transforms himself before our eyes from Puck to Pierrot, and at another moment is the embodiment of Jack Point with all his quips and sallies. He has a secret to reveal. Of course, it is a hoax, but we are all anxious to hear it, and roar with laughter when he solemnly delivers himself of some ancient platitude. He introduces himself as a Prologue, and takes his leave as an Epilogue, with profuse thanks to himself for his services. With a gracious bow he makes way for his successor. *Le roi est mort; vive le roi!* We are sorry to part from our merry jester; yet we give a lavish welcome to his successor. It is all so very human, and is in itself a manifestation of the genial spirit within the heart of democracy.

And the audience—the vast, good-humoured, attentive, sympathetic audience, pugnacious in its partisanship, keen in following the fortunes of friend or foe, quick to appreciate and encourage merit, vigorous in applause, patient and long-suffering in cramped positions, tolerant of tedious adjudicators, alert to a witticism, and obedient to the platform conductor—how is it possible to withhold from it our genuine respect and admiration! The sensitive Horace would recall his scathing epithet, *profanum vulgus*, if his immortal shade were granted a temporary leave of absence from Limbo and a free pass to the Eisteddfod. Fumes of incense, or rather clouds of tobacco smoke, rise upward to the roof of the tent, especially from beneath the placards visibly proclaiming the legend, "No smoking allowed."

To return to the programme of the day—various adjudications on photography, wood-carving, needlework, are interspersed with musical competitions for pianoforte, singing, harp, and penillion singing. It should be stated, however, that where there is a large number of entries in the solo classes the preliminary tests are held at an earlier

hour of the day in a neighbouring chapel or schoolroom, and two or three candidates are selected for the final public competition in the pavilion. Some time during the forenoon the President delivers his address, and then follows what is perhaps the most important function of the day—the Crowning of the Bard. Meantime, the platform has been gradually occupied by druids, bards, officials, and friends, and now presents an imposing array of costumes, including Scottish tartans and the quaint national headdress worn by the women of Wales. The ceremony is introduced by the sound of a trumpet, and the Keeper of the Record having called the Muster-roll of the Bards, the adjudicators read out their judgments. The successful bard is escorted to the platform by two of the chief bards; in the present instance, however, the absent victor is represented by a proxy. Bardic addresses follow, and the Crowning Song is sung by a solo vocalist—in this case Miss Morfydd Owen, a daughter of Wales who has achieved the distinction of a Mus.Bac. degree. It is now late in the afternoon, and time presses, but room must be found for the competitions for female choirs and mixed choirs, who have long been expecting their call to the platform. There are nine entries for female choirs, and it becomes a matter of difficulty to distinguish between the merits of a Girls' Prize Choir from Nottingham and the Gledholt Vocal Union from Huddersfield. The adjudicators adjourn for further consultation, and eventually agree unanimously to place the Nottingham choir first, with Gledholt only one mark behind. The singing of both choirs was superb and well up to the standard of excellence demanded by the difficulties of the unaccompanied test-piece.

The chief choral competition provided less exciting fare. Only six choirs appeared, and among them the Gledholt Union from Huddersfield easily obtained the first place by a fine and highly finished performance, justifying the position won by the female voice section in the previous contest. A choir from Maybank and District (Stoke-on-Trent) showed mettle—to use a racing expression—and made a good running for the third place. On the whole, one missed the electric atmosphere of keen rivalry, and could but deplore the absence of the veteran choirs who

have done such yeoman service in past years. The absence of the younger warriors left the ranks of the Old Guard too depleted to venture further conquests, and, no doubt rightly for the time being, the more famous and historic choirs were content to rest upon their past laurels.

A large crowd attended the pavilion in the evening for a performance of the *Elijah* by the Liverpool Welsh Choral Union. With this body will always be associated the honoured name of their founder and conductor, young Harry Evans, whose early and untimely death robbed us of a personality and power in the musical world, and left Wales the poorer by the loss of one of her most gifted sons, the most popular of adjudicators, and a highly accomplished, enthusiastic, sympathetic, and generous-minded musician. It is a strange and inexplicable phenomenon how we still cling with persistent fatuity to German *Kultur* and *Ton-Kunst*. Mendelssohn, with his sentimental music, has long ceased to interest our musicians and critics; but the public, and especially the musical Welsh people, have yet to learn that there is much buried treasure in our own national music, which only needs to be known to be appreciated. Wales, Scotland, and Ireland are particularly rich in music that is characteristic of the soil and the inhabitants. The Celtic spirit has survived the Saxon rule of iron and disregard of art and culture; and signs are not wanting of a renascence and an awakening to the claims and beauty of a national folk-music, thanks to the labours of such pioneers and authorities as Dr. Mary Davies, Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser, Cecil Sharp, A. P. Graves, Lloyd Williams, and Petrie. No festival is considered complete to-day that does not include in its programme classes for folk-songs, and it is to be hoped, too, that the national folk-dances will soon be placed in a similar category. It is to these democratic audiences that such music makes an immediate appeal, and among them it is sure of a hearty welcome. We can leave, without much concern, the more highly sophisticated classes and the less appreciative *bourgeois* to their conventional patronage of the opera and to a poverty-stricken enjoyment of the horrors of the concert-hall. The art that is most sincere will endure the longest.

The second day of the Eisteddfod opened in the usual manner, but contained some unexpected elements of interest and, it should be added, of sorrow. Early in the proceedings an incident occurred that brought tears to many eyes. Two years ago a military choir from the 17th battalion of a Welsh brigade in training at Llandudno carried off the first prize in a special contest at the Bangor Eisteddfod. The choir went out to France, and, in the eloquent words of Llew Tegid, the platform conductor for the time being, "all the boys—the conductor alone escaping, though maimed for life—had rendered the supreme sacrifice." An interesting letter had been received from the parents of two of the boys, enclosing a rosette to be pinned on the conductor's breast by General Owen Thomas, the officer in command of that brigade. The rosette was simple and plain, in black and white—the white to represent the unstained honour of the boys and the black our sorrow. The conductor came on to the platform, and the moving ceremony was enacted with dignity and suitable restraint, while the audience rose and stood in a tense silence as a sincere mark of respect. The cheers that followed were generous and sympathetic, and expressed a great deal more than mere applause of a noble act. The name of the conductor to whom this honour fell was Lance-Corporal Samuel Evans, of Penycae, Rhos, near Wrexham.

Some interesting competitions now took up the attention of the audience and adjudicators, and some admirable examples of penillion singing were sandwiched with recitations, pianoforte solos, and an address by Lord Mostyn, the chairman of the day.

Meanwhile the crowd is growing perceptibly, and the air becomes charged with expectancy. The sides of the tent have been removed, and reveal row upon row of occupied chairs and benches without; while within, the scene resembles the interior of a bee-hive. All are patiently awaiting the promised visit of the Premier, and as the time draws near the excitement grows more intense. Still, the competitions go on, and the audience cheers more vigorously than ever. Everyone is strung up to concert-pitch, and even the platform conductor excels himself in feats of oratory and pungent witticisms. At one critical moment he bids us "Beware of pickpockets—my wife is

here"; at another he threatens that he is nearly losing his temper; and so he pours oil on the troubled waters. At length the long-awaited moment arrives. A roar of welcome from the crowd in the streets is taken up by the people in the enclosure and the audience in the tent. Lloyd George has arrived. The juvenile band plays with rapture the Welsh National Hymn, and the assembly rises to its feet, enthusiastically cheering the Prime Minister of the British Empire. Flashlight photographs are taken amid explosions of magnesium, and after this spontaneous welcome and a few words of greeting we listen to an eloquent and inspiring address on national unity. The Premier commences his speech with a few words in Welsh, but soon addresses himself to the larger audience mainly composed of Britishers. The crowd listens with rapt attention to every word; and though a serious mood is prevalent—for thoughts of the great war weigh heavy on the minds of all—the various points of argument meet with a sympathetic reception and frequent bursts of applause. The *coda* of the speech dwells for a while upon the importance of the little nations, and conveys a welcome message to every heart in its final note of promise and triumph.

Preparations are now made for the ceremony of the Chairing of the Bard. The bardic chair, of carved oak with druidical symbols of ancient design, is brought forward, and the chief adjudicator of the prize for an "Ode to the Hero" steps to the front of the already crowded platform and announces the winner to be "Fleur de Lys." The official programme states: "The successful bard will be escorted to the platform by two of the principal bards, the band playing 'See the Conquering Hero Comes,' and the victor will be installed as the Chair Bard of the Royal National Eisteddfod, 1917. Bardic addresses will be delivered, after which the Chairing Song will be sung." Amid a painful silence, however, the Arch-Druid now states that the successful competitor has lost his life in the war and lies in his grave in a foreign land. The poet, Ellis Evans (Hedd Wyn), was a native of Trawsfynydd, in Merionethshire, and he followed the occupation of a shepherd in that neighbourhood. He is described as one of the most promising bards that Wales has produced. The poem is said to have been written in his solitary hut

among the Welsh mountains, and to have reflected much of the national spirit and aspiration of his country.

In these sad circumstances the Chairing ceremony had to be abandoned. The vacant seat was draped with simple black crape; and, while this was being done, the vast audience stood in silence as a mark of respect to the honoured memory of the dead poet. Then followed the fine and impressive Burial Hymn, "Bydd Myrdd o Ryfeddodau," several verses of which were sung in Welsh with poignant expression and genuine and heartfelt sorrow. Many eyes were dimmed by the unchecked tear, while all around the sobbing of women and men alike emphasised the deep sincerity of their grief. It was a touching scene—one that cannot be forgotten by an eye-witness; and to many it must have been all-sufficient, and have seemed a suitable time for the termination of the day's proceedings.

The departure of the Prime Minister and other important guests provided a brief interlude and breathing-space, and the final awards were then made known.

The programme describes the evening concert as a Welsh Folk-song Night—an admirable feature that should be retained at every future Eisteddfod as of the highest importance. The choral element is again provided on this occasion by the Liverpool Welsh Choral Union, under the conductorship of Mr. T. Hopkin Evans. The solo vocalists are of Welsh nationality, and the programme contains, in addition to many folk-songs (all in the native language), recitations, examples of penillion singing, and solos on the harp—the Welsh national instrument. This concert is attended by a large and enthusiastic audience, and at the end the Welsh National Anthem, "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau" (Land of my Fathers), finds its appropriate place.

Here the Eisteddfod proper legitimately closes, but an extension of the proceedings on this occasion provides for a Psalmody Festival on the following day. There are two sessions, one in the afternoon, the other in the evening. This is a branch in which Welsh choirs are known to excel. The old yet living melodies and hymns are provided with an impressive harmonic accompaniment of a simple, often austere, yet always sincere and effective character. Congregational singing in England has robbed religious wor-

ship of much of its dignity, and often descends to a senseless parody of a noble theme, with annoyance to a sensitive and cultured ear. The hymns are drawled in tedious iteration without any regard for accent or rhythm, and in open defiance of all harmonic decency. Happy should we be, were the traditional notice affixed to the front shelf of every pew: "Members of the congregation are requested to join silently in the singing."

All the more praise and honour, then, to the Welsh people, who, as a general rule, if they are not musically equipped to join in the singing, listen with reverent attention and respect to their choirs, which are qualified to give the best and most adequate expression to this part of the service.

In England we are too apt to run our festivals in the manner of an official railway time-table. Every contest has its scheduled time of arrival and departure, and each competitor is provided with a ticket to be produced on demand, and punched, if need be, by a zealous inspector, according to the regulations, etc. All this meticulous care and precision undoubtedly makes for public confidence and stability; yet we miss the easy, good-humoured spirit that prevails among all classes during the Eisteddfod, and would welcome more of the spontaneous enthusiasm aroused by the actual music as an antidote to the phlegmatic indifference of the Saxon temperament that is so marked a characteristic of English audiences.

Finally, it may be asked, what justification is there for the holding of an Eisteddfod or musical festival in war-time? The Prime Minister himself, in a memorable speech, has answered this question by another: "Why should we *not* sing?"

WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION

Once More: the International Magna Charta

By 001

THE KING, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal Bourne, the Bishops of the Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches, our best-known Nonconformist ministers, the Law Lords, the Judges of the High Court, over two hundred editors of newspapers published in Great Britain and Ireland, distinguished Members of the House of Lords, every Member of the House of Commons, our leading publicists, the great men of our Universities, the leaders in our world of Banking and Commerce, the most influential politicians in France and America—to all of these the "International Magna Charta" published in THE ENGLISH REVIEW in August (and reprinted in October) has been submitted.

And there is evidence that the proposed International Magna Charta has aroused interest and already influenced the minds of statesmen. We find the *Evening Standard*, which seems exceptionally well informed concerning the activities of the American Mission, apparently inspired to describe the League of Nations as a "weapon of war." The League of Nations had not previously been presented in that form, for hitherto the idea has always been recognised as a *post-bellum* settlement. The essential difference between the League of Nations, as hitherto understood, and the International Magna Charta lies in the fact that the former is non-activist for war, whereas the Charta is not only a scheme for bringing the war to an end, but, if necessary, for waging war upon the lines of the "Maximum Conception," as explained in the introductory article in THE ENGLISH REVIEW (July). Professor Aulard, of the Sorbonne, the distinguished historian, after reading the

"International Magna Charta," contributed an article to the French Press entitled, "La Société des Nations: 'Commençons,'" in which he applies the same principle. We find Professor Macneill and Mr. de Valera coquetting with the idea, then hesitating, suspecting that it is a political cage to confine their Republican wings, and that the author was a secret agent of the English Government.

The full text of the International Magna Charta article was published in the whole of the Irish Press, and there were a number of appreciative leading articles. The leading article in the *Freeman's Journal* was entirely sympathetic, and was perhaps the ablest analysis of Allied political relationships that had appeared. The *Cork Examiner*, the leading paper in the South of Ireland, boldly said that if the Irish Convention failed the International Magna Charta form of settlement should be accepted by Ireland. Although the International Magna Charta article was brought last September to the notice of the Vatican, Cardinal Logue has not yet expressed any opinion upon the Charta so far as its application concerns Ireland, but in his now famous telegram to the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW he wired: "If the Convention fails —chaos."

Even the *Northern Whig* had a kind word for the Charta, but commenced to eat its own words directly it discovered that in order to confer a blessing upon humanity as a whole it might become necessary for Ulster to throw overboard bigotry and extremism. And this at a time when the rivalry between and within the Christian Churches has reduced them to such a state of impotence that they cannot even be credited with having produced the present war—their one-time function and monopoly!

All this, and yet nothing happens.

Our War Cabinet does not adopt the Charta.

The English Press maintains a dignified reserve. The House of Commons discusses Proportional Representation.

Lord Lansdowne writes a letter and does not refer to the Charta. Mr. Asquith, it may be legitimately assumed, reads the Charta, but there is no revelation.

Thus Allied statesmanship flounders and there is no objective.

The *Times* expresses disagreement with President Wilson upon a vital point in his interpretation of the German position, and, arrogating to itself the right of supreme censorship, declines to publish not only Lord Lansdowne's letter, but also the "International Magna Charta" (without assigning any reason, but pacifism is probably smelt), and then wakes up to discover that there are good grounds for supposing that the Charta, if adopted, might lead to Japanese military aid. All this means confusion of thought, though no doubt entirely honest.

Now Allied statesmanship is to the Allied cause either a plus, a minus, or zero, and the Allied peoples must decide which it is and which they want.

The politicians and the Press appear to have failed. There are no text-books or precedents for their guidance, and they want a lead.

Mr. H. G. Wells says: "I will become a Republican."

Mr. Arthur Henderson devotes his splendid energies to the political side of the Labour movement.

Mr. Pringle makes telling speeches.

But nowhere is there vision.

Mr. Duke in the House of Commons speaks with great confidence of the Irish Convention—not having noticed, perhaps, that upon the previous day the *Belfast News-Letter* said that the Irish Party's aim is to get Home Rule by "a pretence of loyalty so that it may use it for disloyal ends."

Sir Edward Carson wants to beat Prussianism—the policy of brutality—just as much as Mr. de Valera does, if you probe beneath the surface, but they each adopt so hidebound an attitude that co-ordination of effort is prevented, all this leading up to trouble in America, Canada, Australia, and Russia.

British statesmanship registers a minus.

Now if Sir Edward Carson and Mr. de Valera met to-morrow and each showed towards the other a sacrifice of attitude, a recognition of realities, a mutual determination to avoid the insincerities and humbug of politics, with the admission that each had made great mistakes, a triumph would be the result.

And if they took their triumph with humility, as their small contribution towards encompassing the spreading

tragedy of the world, their spirit would enter deeply into the hearts of men.

Surely it is beyond the bounds of all discussion that were the British Government now to make an announcement clearly indicating a sacrifice in their Imperial attitude towards Ireland and the conquered German colonies, this would constitute an act of statesmanship that might well prove a turning-point in the psychology of the world-war.

Here is no pacifist intention, no thought of compromise with Prussianism. Forge to yourselves a weapon burnt upon the altar of your sacrifice with which to deal Prussianism a vital blow.

Without sacrifice in their political attitude towards each other and towards their internal problems, the Allies will find that the idea of a League of Nations will remain a beautiful dream.

The Germans are in Riga. In 1915 Russia saved Europe. Tell Russia now that we hold the German colonies as much for her as for our other Allies, as subscribers to the International Magna Charta, and that we claim no right of possession. This way statesmanship lies.

In one stroke you increase a hundredfold the difficulties of the German Government in their negotiations with Russia. Act in this way now towards Ireland and towards the conquered colonies, and you change the face of the whole political world. You bring to President Wilson such an accession of strength that he would gladly proceed to co-operate with the British Government in the great effort of statesmanship which lies before the peoples of the United States and the British Empire.

The United States and the British Empire must take stock together of the world position and of the problems presented beyond the area of the present struggle. Fearlessly and with their courage in both hands let them approach the issue presented by the new civilisation in the Far East, by Japan. Japan, the Ally; Japan, the world-Power. Here is, indeed, a problem worthy of our greatest minds.

Now at present Allied statesmanship in regard to Japan is a minus (making three minus quantites—Ireland, German colonies, Japan).

Thus we play into the hands of the German General Staff; and General Ludendorff, in an interview recently granted to a correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse*, alluded with satisfaction to America-Japan relations.

What is the Allied attitude towards Japan?

California says, "We don't want them."

Australia says, "We don't want them."

And yet the American and British Navies welcome the help of the Japanese Navy. It may well be that the barrier of colour was intended by Nature to be maintained. There is no scientific ground for the recommendation of mixed colour marriages, and the white peoples consider themselves superior to the peoples of other colours. Upon no better issue than a colour issue can the passions of men be inflamed.

Here you have presented a root problem for civilisation.

Can statesmen dismiss this problem from their minds and at the same moment advocate a League of Nations as a panacea for the ills of mankind? To the white man in California and the white man in Australia a sacrifice of attitude towards the Japanese appears as something unholy, abhorrent, a counsel of despair, of race suicide. And so it comes about that the Japanese people—a proud race, yet capable, with all their faults, of national sacrifice to a degree scarcely realisable by the more emotional Westerners—find themselves continually "up against it."

Japanese newspapers report a Japanese naval success in the great world-war, and at the same time an unhappy phase in the America-Japan negotiations for the exchange of steel against ships. Ludendorff smiles an elegant, appreciative smile. President Wilson beats the League of Nations drum and enjoins his people to pray for comradeship between the peoples and the British Government, knowing that the great-hearted Premier of Australia would collapse in a fainting fit if they breathed the word Japan, falls back into the arms of platitude, and continues trading in the accepted currency of world-diplomacy—hypocrisy—and inaugurates a War Aims Society to promote co-ordination between the Allies, solidarity between the Armies of Light fighting against the Prussian Power of Darkness.

The *Morning Post* suggests that Japanese troops should

be brought over—as if it were a question of sending a half-penny postcard, and as if it were deucedly decent of them to make so condescending a suggestion. It then withdraws, feeling that it has committed a *gaffe*, and ultimately everybody is relieved to find that in any case there are no ships available, and with an audible sigh of editorial relief the question is relegated to a merciful oblivion.

This is a perfectly fair analysis of Allied statesmanship towards Japan.

Lord Parmoor—with undoubted sincerity—is to bring up the question of the League of Nations in the House of Lords, and a few more harmless phrases, no doubt, will be coined in that temple of radiant illusions, where the peers play hide-and-seek with the realities of life, bringing dignity and a certain old-world charm to the tragic and the commonplace.

Which is more to be desired? Which will bring greater benefit to mankind—greater security for the future generation?

The sacrifice of five million men of America in Flanders—if they can get there in time—leaving the remaining fifty million men of America untouched by the glorious sacrifice of war, or a slight and, in practice, perhaps scarcely noticeable sacrifice of attitude upon the part of the whole American people towards Japan?

In any case, is not the one sacrifice complementary to the other?

While sentiment is the basic cause of the Irish difficulty, the problem of Japan is essentially a physical one—excess of population in a circumscribed national area.

Put in an arithmetical form, the problem presents no terrors. During the next twenty years accommodation may have to be found for twenty to twenty-five millions of Japanese—to this extent the people may outgrow their home. Now one of two things must happen.

Either the Allied statesmen can shut their eyes and leave the solution to chance, to events—leave Japan to follow the well-worn road of Imperialism familiar to all the virile races of history, or Japan shall be asked *now* to join the Allies in the preparation of a Magna Charta for the nations.

Has no one in the world enough imagination to see that

one Japanese troop train going from San Francisco to New York, if solid statesmanship and not emotional opportunism had produced such a result, would have world significance? Let Sir Edward Carson confer with Mr. de Valera, let Ulster have a square, honest deal with the Sinn Fein extremists, each side cutting out all the bunkum —this will prove to be the beginning of the end of Prussianism.

The voice of the hidebound politician is heard exclaiming, "How fantastic!" "How absurd!" "What a futile suggestion!" But in fact, is it not far more ridiculous to expect to realise a League of Nations without a sacrifice of attitude? Is it not more fantastic that Japanese sailors should perish for the great cause of the Allies while Japanese and American statesmen fall out and disagree? Give some rein to your imagination, lift yourselves free from the quagmire of tradition, precedent, and prejudice. As you face the problems of life, so face the problems of world politics.

But how to deal with these problems?

How shall we show the world our determination to deal with them? Surely as a first step there must be the acceptance of the *principle* of the International Magna Charta, thus demonstrating a sacrifice of attitude on the part of all the Allies.

These problems cannot be solved by sacrifice alone. Vision, wisdom, judgment must be summoned to our aid, and the Conferences to be convened in the various Allied capitals in the terms of the International Magna Charta must represent the authority and the intelligence of all that is best in democracy and our modern civilisation.

M. Clemenceau has recently thrown cold water over the League of Nations proposals. He knows that mere words and phrases can accomplish nothing, for they mean nothing. In the absence of any sacrifice of attitude, Russia knew that the League of Nations was purely visionary. But if the Allies obtained a new orientation, Russia would, in all probability, signify her adherence and co-operation.

If such divergent minds as the Bishop of Rochester, the Chancellor of the Japanese Embassy, the Rt. Hon. Arthur Henderson, M.P., the Headmaster of Repton, the Rt. Hon. Ameer Ali, Professor Macneill, Silas K.

Hocking, Israel Zangwill, and many others approve the International Magna Charta, would not a wise Government recommend its immediate publication in every newspaper in the British Empire?

The acceptance of the principles of the Charta must either bring the war to a very honourable end, or provide such a new enthusiasm for the future conduct of the war as to place the issue beyond all doubt.

Compare the Charta with Lord Lansdowne's letter, with President Wilson's pronouncements, and it will be found that all these lack power because they suggest no sacrifice except the sacrifice of the battlefield—a form of sacrifice which is common to all the combatant nations. If Lord Lansdowne had said that, for his part, he was prepared for a sacrifice of attitude towards Ireland, his letter would have carried a new message to the world. A new world-situation would have been thereby created. He would have given a new and higher purpose to the war.

When President Wilson threatens Germany with an economic boycott, he speaks as the political head of the greatest economic autocracy that the world has ever seen, and therefore his threat lacks logic. All countries have the right to determine their own fiscal systems, and it is not only futile, but positively harmful, to bring up now for discussion, while hostilities continue, any question of after-war fiscal relationships.

In time of war all threats relating to policy to be pursued after peace has been reached befog the real issue and increase the difficulties at the time when peace is negotiated.

In any case, the prohibitive tariff now in force in the United States has in some respects already the effect of a boycott. In the region of economics the politicians very soon get out of their depth. There is nothing particularly virtuous in Free Trade, nor is there anything immoral or vicious in a high tariff. Countries must be left to decide these matters for themselves. In all cases their decisions will be prompted by selfish motives.

Let us glance for one moment at the confusion of the Press, which, after all, is the Government of England.

The *Morning Post* says (December 10th): ". . . She [Germany] has lost her every friend in the world, including

her weakening and discontented Allies; and she is threatened with a commercial ostracism after the war which will bring her to the dust."

Now, apart from the obvious fact that such a phrase can be put to very good use by the war party in Germany, the party which President Wilson wishes to overthrow, most of these threats are little more than loose talk. If the German people started to-morrow a Republic with a few policemen to keep order (this may yet happen if the *Morning Post* will have a little patience), President Wilson would not remove a single brick from his tariff wall. And if the cotton mills in the United States needed for their *own* use all the cotton grown there, *they* would get it, and Lancashire would go without.

Threats will not serve any purpose; that is not the source of our strength. But out of a sacrifice of attitude an overwhelming power can become ours.

The *Times* (December 10th) says: "The hour of supreme trial is at hand, and we must prepare for the utmost sacrifice."

And yet in the same article they give an evidence of a sense of statesmanship in these words:

> "Had previous Governments been courageous enough to deal with the Irish recruiting problem in the right spirit at the right time, Ireland would have been spared much shame and much regret. There must be no fumbling with the next occasion."

Upon the same day the *Morning Post* declares:

> "If the Government do not now enforce military service and the law in Ireland, they will (in plain words) lose the war."

Yet the *Daily Mail* upon the following day gives the view of their well-informed Irish correspondent, who writes:

> "Hints in the English Press at conscription for Ireland, which are anxiously watched here, are keeping the Sinn Feiners on the alert. They know that if there is anything that would stiffen Sinn Fein and rekindle its waning enthusiasm, it is a threat of conscription. . . .

They believe they can resist it. And I am sure they would try."

And the Dublin correspondent of the *Daily News* (December 12th) expresses the view that were conscription applied to Ireland while self-government is withheld, "the Convention would be wrecked, and all hope of peaceful government in Ireland would disappear for a generation; while Britain and America in a peace conference would be fatally embarrassed."

Mr. Lovat Fraser, writing for the *Daily Mail*, also on December 10th, says:

". . . The issues are vaster now and the dangers more immense and deadly, but the sources of our strength are infinitely greater, too, *if only we have faith.* Even the chaos in Russia is in one sense a menace to the Hohenzollerns, and they know it."

But why does not Mr. Lovat Fraser consider the nature of the menace to the Hohenzollerns which the adoption of the International Magna Charta by the Allies is likely to produce?

Surely he will admit that we have one source of strength untapped; more than this, despised and ignored during the last three years—*i.e.*, statesmanship.

Our English politicians and our English Press have reached a state of bankrupt confusion, and the only alternative to the International Magna Charta is deepening chaos.

. . . . . .

My acknowledgments are due to a number of gentlemen who have assisted not only in the preparation of the International Magna Charta article, but also in the heavy work which its introduction to the notice of the Allies has entailed. I wish, however, to record here a special sense of my obligation to the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW; Professor Donovan, of the National University (Dublin); Mr. Joseph A. Nash, an influential member of the American community in London; the Very Rev. Father Thomas, of Cork; and Mr. Kaneo Nanjo, an old and valued friend.

Lord Lansdowne's Interrogation

By Austin Harrison

LORD LANSDOWNE'S letter has clearly acted as a sanitary tonic of interrogation. The notion that this undeviating Tory peer had been visited by Professor Bolo is merely evidence of the mental fury that war breeds, and it can be dismissed as the measure of that insanity. His letter takes its place side by side with the speech of Mr. Wilson and that of Mr. Asquith at Birmingham (December 12th), and, collated, these three utterances unquestionably denote a new spirit and that return to the health and nobility of statesmanship which Mr. Lloyd George, with his vernacular bids for popularity, has done so much both to discredit and to disown. The real difference between the Lansdowne letter and the speech of Mr. Wilson lies not in what they said, but in the manner of presentation; of the two, I prefer Lord Lansdowne's bluntness to the vague phraseology of the American President, whose Message appeared so contradictory in certain passages as to provoke the resentment of the *Times*, and certainly requires amplification. All men should read these three utterances. They have raised the Entente aims once more to the platform of reason. Without the smallest doubt, they together constitute a policy which is not only a departure from the "knock-out" Cockneyism of the Prime Minister, but the formulation of a new international wisdom.

In all three pronouncements we find professions of agreement, which may be summarised (1) as spiritual, (2) as security, (3) as territorial. Mr. Wilson said: "We intend no wrong against the German Empire, no interference with her internal affairs." Mr. Wilson's attitude may legitimately be defined as essentially spiritual as registered in his conception of a League of Nations, which would grant to each and every Power the right to live their

own lives in the common partnership of the nations. Mr. Asquith evidently endorses this view, though the main part of his speech was devoted to security. And this he sees in a "clean" peace, a peace which is not founded on a "veiled" war—in a word, a world-settlement of political and social construction. With these sentences we return to the principles for which we rightly took up arms. We entered upon this war with absolutely clean hands, and so much was this the case that not only were we, militarily, ludicrously unprepared to fulfil the obligations we had incurred, but the Germans themselves reckoned we would be forced to non-combatancy or only partial liability as the result. Our duty in 1914 was clear and noble. It was to defend France from invasion and to restore the integrity of Belgium; to enforce the acceptance of right. We could not have remained neutral without utter dishonour. In the noblest gesture of our age, we took up the German challenge of force; in the words of Luther, we could not, as Englishmen, "have done otherwise."

At the beginning of the year 1918, then, after four campaigns of war, each one more furious and destructive than the former, we find ourselves approaching to something in the nature of a specification of the objective on lines which presuppose a totally new orientation, even as they precondition a new world reason of State. We have in the formula, a League of Nations, this splendid end, with the vista of the deliverance of the little peoples based upon the sanction of right. The old order of feudalism is to go, to make way for democratic freedom and evolution. Nations are to win to a common attestation, freed from the yoke and servitude of war. There are to be reparation and restitution. Ancient nations crushed in former wars are to be revived. Armageddon is to end in the Millennium. In the service of man, men are to banish the prerogative of force, and in the new continuity we are bidden to welcome finality.

But war is war, and facts alone matter. As Napoleon said: "There is no morality in war." Words will not suffice; quasi-eirenicons may even do harm, for the

need of the time is vision—vision which is shaped and applied to practicability. It is here that those in responsibility have failed, and still fail. In Mr. Wilson's speech there are contradictions both of thought and expression which do not make for clarity. And we find this paradox. At the same time that he declares he contemplates "no interference" with Austria, he declares war on that Empire, and, oddly enough, the declaration appears to be welcomed in Vienna. What does this mean? Clearly there is a flaw either in the statesmanship or its application. If, again, America claims no right of interference with the internal affairs of Germany, what then is her attitude towards the "properly accredited representatives" of the enemy? The accredited representatives of Germany to-day are the Commanding Generals, and *no one else*. If Mr. Wilson means that America cannot parley with the Generals in command—the Kaiser to-day plays a purely symbolic or decorative part—then evidently he implies war to the bitter end in perhaps two or three years. We find, too, Liberal organs interpreting Mr. Wilson's speech as one of reason, whereas the extremist Press affects to hail it as documentary confirmation of the "knock-out" policy—all which shows that the Message is, to say the least, controversial and capable of manifold interpretations. But we see more than this.

Mr. Wilson epitomises America's war aims as a League of Nations; M. Clemenceau repudiates any such idea, and he is supported by Sir E. Carson, presumably speaking as a responsible member of the War Government; and, again, Mr. Asquith speaks for a League of Nations. What does this mean? And yet further. Mr. Wilson proclaims a generous peace. He defines peace as based upon "generosity and justice, to the exclusion of all selfish claims to advantage even on the part of the victors." Yet in the revealed "secret documents" published in Russia, but not published in the English Press, we learn from a Note of the French Minister of Foreign Affairs of February 1st, 1917, that the French terms are territorial. The Note and date are important. I quote it from the *Manchester Guardian* (December 12th):

LORD LANSDOWNE'S INTERROGATION

"Copy of a Note of the Minister of Foreign Affairs of February 1st (14), 1917, No. 26, addressed to the French Ambassador in Petrograd:

"In your Note of to-day's date your Excellency was good enough to inform the Imperial Government that the Government of the Republic was contemplating the inclusion in the terms of peace to be offered to Germany the following demands and guarantees of a territorial nature:—

"1. Alsace-Lorraine to be restored to France.

"2. The frontiers are to be extended at least up the limits of the former principality of Lorraine, and are to be drawn up at the discretion of the French Government so as to provide for the strategical needs and for the inclusion in French territory of the entire iron district of Lorraine and of the entire coal district of the Saar valley.

"3. The rest of the territories situated on the left bank of the Rhine which now form part of the German Empire are to be entirely separated from Germany and freed from all political and economic dependence upon her.

"4. The territories of the left bank of the Rhine outside French territory are to be constituted an autonomous and neutral State, and are to be occupied by French troops until such time as the enemy States have completely satisfied all the conditions and guarantees indicated in the treaty of peace.

"Your Excellency stated that the Government of the Republic would be happy to be able to rely upon the support of the Imperial Government for the carrying out of its plans. By order of his Imperial Majesty, my most august master, I have the honour, in the name of the Russian Government, to inform your Excellency by the present Note that the Government of the Republic may rely upon the support of the Imperial Government for the carrying out of its plans as set out above."

This aim coincides with Sir E. Carson's "boundary of the Rhine." There are also the Italian Imperialist terms, which are frankly conquistadorial. We have also the disruption of Austria war policy, flanked by the Jugo-Slav war policy, capped by the Kaiser's head on a salver solution which seems to commend itself particularly to old and sonless men and those who have escaped service. Now all these war policies are flatly in contradiction to the words of Mr. Wilson, whose ideal of a League of Nations has thus been rejected by both M. Clemenceau and Sir E. Carson and that section of the Unionist Press which nearly brought about revolution in Ireland in 1914, and so produced the disastrous condition of Ireland to-day, who declines to fight for us. In addition to all these wild expropriation covenants we have the Paris Agreement, which purported to wage economic war against Germany even after the war. Thus we see still confusion about the essential principle of war, the objective. We do not know. We who are told this is a democratic war are to-day confronted with a

plethora of annexationist or Imperial secret treaties and agreements, which reduce our own protestations to hypocrisy. The liberty we set out to win to is to-day seen to be merely the old secret diplomacy pursuing vindictive aims. The new spirit we talk so eloquently about is found to be a shuttlecock driven, now secretly, now vaingloriously, here and there by the battledores of Ministers who apparently have utterly conflicting views even after four campaigns of war, even when the death toll of the young men of Europe is to-day counted by the million. It is a spectacle that cannot continue. To-day it is the duty of men who have anything to say to assume responsibility for the soldiers muted in the dissonancies of Governments and of our public men, and to compel their joint and several responsibility. No longer is there any question of national danger. This war is every man's responsibility, now more than ever it is a civilian's responsibility. If we who do not fight cannot think, then indeed we are bankrupt in all that appertains to civilisation, and the end will be ruin. The man who to-day does not take the trouble to find out the facts and insist upon a precise statement of aims and policies is committing treason to his race and to humanity, and it is for this reason that Lord Lansdowne's letter should be welcomed and bravely acted upon.

The first thing to do is to banish political rhetoric. All bluff and oratorical nebulosity are social crimes to-day. The attempts made to stifle opinion, to shut down thought, and place England under the heel of a censorship run by Sir E. Carson, will be vain attempts. Mr. Lloyd George has enjoyed a whole year of dictatorship, having begun by promising us a "knock-out." The nation's money has been spent uncriticised. The daily Press has practically acted as a propaganda department of the State; Mr. George has had every opportunity that the wealth and unrivalled good temper and spirit of Britain could give him. To-day no man would say that he has justified his inaugural words. Even in finance we have no proper expert Council.* Wild statements are made by Ministers about

*It is clear that when our national debt reaches the figure of nine or ten thousand millions we shall automatically have reached the Socialist State, conscription of capital being then the only solution. Perhaps this will be a good thing. This may end the capitalistic era. Another year of

food, about submarines, about the enemy, almost invariably contradicted by other Ministers. No man knows who rules: who controls: who is responsible. The Press is used as a Governmental mouth-organ; thus the fantastic or political Press reports from France about the losses of the Germans at Cambrai. We do not know what to believe or whom to believe. We cannot even extract from the Government any coherent statement of war aims. The truth is, the Government is now merely opportunist, and has no precise objective. We have now reached the great crisis in the war, due to illusion and irresponsibility.

What is the position? The position is the fundamental change which came over the war with the Russian Revolution and the consequent breakdown of the Russian offensive. We have recently been astonished at Lenin's peace or armistice conditions. But in reality that merely signifies the measure of our ignorance not only of the spirit of unbound Russia, but of the men who brought about her deliverance. When the Revolution came we thought (officially, of course) that it would be a change for the good, and that once the Tsar was deposed all Russia would take heart for war, and once more the "steam-roller" would roll. We completely misunderstood the character of the change that had come over Russia. Instead of sympathy, we tendered patronage to her. Instead of grasping at once the immense significance of the fall of the Tsarist *régime*, hated as no other Government has been in modern history, we regarded it rather as a passing event; and when later on our hopes were falsified, we sought to ally ourselves with Cossack counter-revolutionaries, sublimely ignorant of the fact that the Cossacks have acted all these years as the military police of the Tsar, and would never be accepted again as leaders by the freed Russian people, seventy per cent. of whom are illiterate. We made that colossal mistake through the ignorance of our politicians and because of our inveterate practice of never seeking expert advice or thinking exactly. We were warned. A few journalists who know Russia offered their advice—I

war and the credit system will no longer be a reality, when perhaps we shall go back to real values with the disappearance of snobbery and plutocratic "honours."

told Ministers what would happen if we sought to force Russia into active operations; but blindness prevailed.* We made Kerensky's task more and more difficult. To-day—and the fact should be known—we are viewed in Russia as obstructionists and annexationists, and all this has come about owing to our inability to recognise the spirit and nature of unbound Russia, and, last but not least, owing to the vulgar incident in connection with Mr. Henderson, who would not change his mind because Mr. Lloyd George had, in the meantime, changed his.

To-day we are faced with a defaulting Russia. Her soldiers are war-weary and want peace. The whole country is in a state of disorganisation and exhaustion, of flux and disruption, of chaos and anarchy; and, short of a miracle, we shall be unwise to count upon her military aid, unless perhaps in a negative character, in the present war. Russia's defection has completely changed the war. Militarily, it has upset all calculations, and as the war goes on it will henceforth become more and more a siege on the West, with what consequences and results on purely physical lines no professional soldier would attempt to prophesy. But as Russia has gone out, America has come in, and so the final control has passed three thousand miles away to President Wilson and the New World.

That is the situation. In Mr. Wilson's speech we have a new Declaration of Rights imposed upon Europe from the New World. Hitherto Europe has not admitted America's right to interfere, and reciprocally America has answered with the Monroe doctrine. To-day all that has changed. Mr. Wilson asserts that there can be no peace until right is vindicated, and that cannot be accomplished until victory is assured. It is well for us to realise what this means and may entail. Next summer America cannot possibly be a decisive factor; she cannot possibly send to us in effectives more than half the casualties we have incurred on the West this year; and if Russia remains neutral, or the equivalent, it is obvious that

* When I told two members of the Government what would happen if we pressed the Russians, I was told that all their information pointed to the exact contrary. Why are we always falsely informed on foreign affairs?

America's aid in man-power in 1918 will not approximately neutralise the great adhesion of strength that will automatically accrue to the Germanic Powers through the release of their Eastern forces. It is senseless to pretend otherwise. If the worst happens, and Russia, through our refusal to signify our terms, makes peace, we must in addition anticipate the return of some million odd prisoners. There is, further, the Italian position and the great shortening of the Austro-Italian front, the virtual stagnation of the Salonika expedition, and the growing shortage of food in Europe. On physical lines we have to look forward to at least another two years of war, and in all probability three, and to hide this up is insanity. This year on the Western front there has been no strategic result. We have advanced, good tactical gains have been registered, but the losses have been terrific, and the results have fallen far below the expected, and catastrophically below those most reprehensibly predicted by the Commander-in-Chief at the beginning of the year.

In these circumstances we must now make up our minds either to wage war to the bitter end, or to return to the sanity of statesmanship in community with the new orientation suggested by Mr. Wilson, the first condition of which must obviously be an unequivocal statement of war aims and of that policy which is to lead to such sanction. If the former is to be our aim, then we must make war on the maximum conception. Every available man up to fifty must be called to the Army. Our exports must largely cease. Commerce, as such, must be declared an unnecessary luxury. The whole country must be placed on a State war basis under a proper Government of trained business minds whose sole concern it will be to ration us, to prevent waste, to reform our financial methods, to curtail shopping, all luxuries, amusements, and businesses not directly connected with war, and immediately to raise an army of at least two millions, which could be done by a ruthless process of combing out, by substitution, by largely curtailing traffic, by raising the age to fifty, and suspending all exemptions. There is no other way to anticipate military success next year on a single front. France cannot produce new armies.

I will only say here, as the result of careful personal inquiry, that if we attempt to conscript Ireland except under the law of an Irish Government, we shall have to conquer Ireland in the process. I can only trust our Government will not thus imperil the Empire at the bidding of Sir E. Carson and his Irish Protestant confederates.

That is the only sane way to face war *à outrance*. The other way is to win to the end through statesmanship. Here, of course, the immediate question is: What is our objective? And here we at once come to the crisis facing us with an inept Government which does not know its mind, and a Parliament which, elected in the halcyon days of peace, never had a war mind. Here equally there is great danger. If those who lead cannot agree, cannot precise the objective of that new civilisation which is to unite in co-fraternity and love, how are we to begin? Mr. Asquith carefully avoided all mention of territorial aims, as if these were subsidiary matters. Alas! they are the things we are fighting for. It is sheer moral cowardice to avoid mentioning territory. *The whole war is for territory*. We, for instance, have seized Mesopotamia and all the German colonies. Are we to return them? Can we? If not, on what principle*—short of force, which is the German principle—are these vital questions to be decided? Here only Russia has defined her attitude. There is Alsace-Lorraine, originally seized by Louis XIV., then re-seized by Germany. Is the restoration to France of those lands an irreducible minimum of peace? If so, then we need have no illusions about war; it will go on inexorably.

Ministers refrain from direct specification, yet every soldier in the Army understands that Alsace-Lorraine is the essential minimum, and correspondingly every German understands the same. The question of Alsace-Lorraine is really conditioned by the Russian Alliance. If Russia breaks with France—and the likelihood of a *post-bellum* military alliance is very improbable—France could not hold the restored provinces against a

* This war is essentially a struggle of power; on the part of the enemy it is a national bid for ethnographic reclamation, and if power alone is the goal, then force is the only solution, in which case mankind will have profited nothing.

German war of revenge, which would be the inevitable result of their seizure, and the only solution there would be the maintenance in France of a British army of at least 500,000 men, and, of course, conscription and constant readiness for war in England. We would probably have to establish permanent naval bases in France, so that the problem is one that concerns us directly in every sphere of our political life, yet still our Ministers remain silent, although the question is the crux of the German position, and is the blood issue not only of the war, but of any solution of the question of war and of its elimination as a national expedient. Surely at this hour the world in its agony is entitled to know at least if this is our implacable demand, and, if so, what responsibilities we are incurring for the future. Concealment is rank cowardice. The Alsace-Lorraine question to-day is a specifically English responsibility, because on it will depend our whole attitude towards military service and our whole future statesmanship. Here, Ministers should be forced to declare themselves openly, for here the whole destiny of Empire is engaged.

The life question which confronts us is the objective, and here there is doubt precisely where no man should doubt at all. We have the "knock-out" men headed by the school of hate, which disseminated the story about the Germans eating their dead, and these are the men who gave the people to understand that General Haig's big artillery would automatically break the lines, ingenuously forgetful of the fact that the enemy might choose to fight on mobile lines and so neutralise the static theory, which perfectly obvious piece of resourcefulness has been the cause of the disappointing results of this year's offensive, culminating in the Italian disaster and the Mesopotamian kind of calamity which befell us through bad Staff work at Cambrai. Now when these men talk of victory, what is it they precisely mean? There are no decisions in the old sense in modern war. Armies may be destroyed, but even if the Germans retired some ten miles or more, there need not be a decision in the sense that territorial evacuation would compel political abdication; indeed, the farther the enemy retires, the more compact will his lines become,

and the more resolute consequently his resistance. But at the present rate of retirement it will take years to drive back the Germans to the Rhine. Now another two years of war, and inevitably exhaustion will set in, both physical and economic, leading to the ruin referred to by Lord Lansdowne.

So much for the purely physical side. The alternative is statesmanship. And here at once we rise to the plane of reason or common sense. Let us examine this alternative. Now plainly the first thing we have to decide is the definition of victory. We can only mean two things. Either we mean complete physical victory—which, as before shown, must lead to at least two years more of desperate fighting, and even then, with a defaulting Russia, can hardly lead to more than a partial physical victory on the West—or we mean moral victory, which, as it is the only permanent thing in life, so will be the final resultant even of this world-conflagration. I think it is clear that this is the kind of victory Mr. Wilson has in view, and that it was for this moral or humanly constructive purpose that he entered the war. But here again we do not seem to understand one another. There are men who can only recognise victory in territorial aggrandisement; others can think only in terms of Waterloo; others seem to imagine that victory can only mean the extirpation of the German race and the passing of the German Army under some Caudine Forks; but such thinkers are ignorant of modern war, and for the most part have never seen a shot fired in battle in their lives. There is another school.

This is the school of commercialism. At one time some men thought the Germans were starving (they had been feeding on one of the *Daily Mail's* winter expedients, Mr. Curtin), and the thought fired their imaginations. The excitement took the form of a gigantic economic combine which was to reduce Germany to vassalage, and undoubtedly in this spirit the Paris articles of belief were drawn up. But to-day even this school has changed its curriculum. They have come to see that America has not come in to secure new markets for England; and now that Roumania has gone, and there is every probability of Germany being soon able to procure corn from Russia, the

starvation pastime of last winter's Press can hardly be revived with profit to either newspapers or public. Still there is a question: Whether the Germans are to be admitted to the comity of nations after the war, or treated with that "respect" usually accorded to cannibal races with "carnivor-isticus" tastes, such as margarine *à la* mother-in-law. Here we must take a decision, because we cannot proceed to statesmanship until this carnivorous question has been solved—until, that is, we are quite clear in our minds whether the Germans are to be ostracised for their infamies, or admitted to the Councils of that League of Nations which is to pave the way for European partnership and Christianity.

I have no kind of doubt in my mind as to the decision, because the men now at the front will decide that, as they will decide a surprising number of things when their tunics are laid aside and they begin to tell us a few home truths, from the making of omelettes upwards. The Army will certainly not live on hate after the war, but, in any case, we need not trouble about the Army. When the men come back things will hum in this merry island, and the Party of Hate will find itself confronted with a pretty virile Party of Labour led by the fighting brains of the country. The sooner, therefore, some of us here begin to dip our pens in Stephens's ink instead of cannibalistic blood, the better it will be for them when their turn comes to face the music; and this brings us once more to that very old and racially English virtue—common sense. If Waterloo-thinkers object, permit me to remind them of the essential difference between this war and the struggle against Bonaparte, namely, that then we ruled the seas absolutely after the Battle of Trafalgar; and, secondly, that we only ourselves fought on a very limited liability, the total number of Englishmen at Waterloo not even reaching the number of Englishmen "interned" in the present expedition at Salonika. And the difference is important. In the Napoleonic War we fought chiefly on the *Lansquenet* principle; in this war we have both fought and paid at full strength; moreover, since 1914, there has been no open warfare and no free seas.

Now if we are to decide to bid the *Daily Mail* discourse to us in reasonable in lieu of cannibalistic terms, at once the way lies open, firstly, for interrogation which was Lord Lansdowne's purpose, and, secondly, for constructive thinking which it is time we understood is Mr. Wilson's mandate for war on the basis of the League of Nations. And when we rhapsodise, and our leading actors (I mean, of course, the politicians) tickle our fancies with transformation scenes—now of Turkish delight, with the plains of Mesopotamia flowing with milk and honey, and the Amsterdam Jew market transported to Palestine; now of a peaceful Europe serene and bountiful, where the weary are at rest and the rich are even richer than before—we must again be careful lest in the vision of transmutation we miss the fundamental, which is the ugly and still unsolved problem of realisation. We must not forget that sometimes we have called this a democratic war, and again a war of the nations, and yet again a war of liberty, and that one at least of these aims has been verified in the astonishing transmogrification of Russia from the land of darkness into the pure anarchical proletarian State. And that this uncertainty is felt we see from the demands that go forth daily for what men call a "lead," or that return to disciplined direction without which humanity errs and goes astray.

How are we to obtain this lead if those who control us cannot talk in comprehensible language? So far as I know, we told the Pope to go to the devil. Only ten months ago Mr. Lloyd George informed us that the Germans were "whining" for peace. Lord Lansdowne has been traduced for "making" Sinn Fein, whereas every man in Ireland knows that if it had not been for Sir E. Carson Sinn Fein would to-day be fighting under a happy Home Rule Government in France. Why do our leading men say these things? And when Mr. Wilson speaks of a League of Nations, how does he propose to bring this admirable conception to fruition except on the basis of equality?—which manifestly must include our present enemies, failing which such a League would only be another Grand Alliance, in all probability actively resented

by Russia, who might even be forced into a counter-alliance with Germany: which would be no solution at all.

Here only exact thinking and plain speaking will avail. Let us try to face two problems which concern ourselves and America—Ireland and Japan. The Irish question is essentially an Imperial question, and it remains unsolved. Why? Simply because there is no spirit of sacrifice; in other words, there is no statesmanship. The Irish problem to-day is our supreme test of self-government. Its tragic chaos has arisen because Englishmen allowed themselves to be duped by Protestant Irishmen, who, under the formula of Unionism, and themselves possessing governing, or rather popular, qualities—which, by the way, are common to all Irishmen—made Ulster the corner-stone of English Tory politics, linked up with the aristocracy who had lost their hereditary privilege, and that section of capitalism which would codify the Empire with a rigid belt of tariffs. That is the situation which has produced the extravagance of Sinn Fein. Ireland could be solved quickly and simply by any Government which thought constructively and gave to Ireland what Ireland wants, and, let us take note, now must have: the full autonomy, executive and administrative, of interdependence. And the truth is that so long as Sir E. Carson remains in the Government there will be no Irish settlement. That is what my countrymen must grasp. Sir E. Carson stands in Irish minds for rebellion, and therefore for destruction. At the present moment he is head of the propaganda department. We cannot expect Irishmen to trust us in such circumstances. We cannot hope to arrive at a settlement until the author of the Ulster rebellion is removed.

Or take the problem of America and Japan—a great question this concerning colour and the excess of population, which is Japan's growing difficulty. We hear that a wonderful concordat was arrived at, but I fear it was of the newspaper texture. We read the speeches, we do not see the results. Again there has been no real sacrifice. The Japanese problem remains just as the Irish problem remains, and Democracy knows nothing about either. If I mention these things, it is to emphasise the

inherent dangers of self-illusion. This new orientation, this new world, this European fellowship of peoples, will not be unless we now set ourselves to the task of facing facts as they are and seeking their remedies, of exact thinking and logical application, of knowing not only what we want but how we propose to obtain our wants.

Now a League of Nations can be nothing more than a condominium unless the basis of its design is equality and the spirit of its constitution is consent. Apart from the problem of general disarmament, such a League cannot achieve success except on broad principles Europeanly accepted, one of which must certainly be the question of population—the question, that is, whether a growing people with an excess population is to be forcibly kept out of great uncivilised areas of the world, such as Africa, whereas other countries with stagnant or declining populations are permitted to possess vast colonies with all the prerogatives of the national flag and of economic control. And here we strike at the root problem of Empire, which may yet be the century issue of the war. If Empires are to be accepted—still more, if only the old Empires are to be stabilised, whereas new or potential Empires are not to entertain ambitions, whether population is the forcing motive or not—then we shall find that we are attempting to legislate against a root principle of life: *progress* or the *eternal law of change*, which in itself is the reason of human activities. This root problem can never be solved by academic pontifications. And the first condition of any League postulating any guarantee of security must begin with the acceptance of non-permanency or evolution, the elasticity therefore of a continuous arbitrament or international Court of Equity working on a universally accepted principle dispensed without flaw or favour.

I believe that the basis of this desirable end could be established through an International Magna Charta, used primarily and essentially as an instrument of war or means towards the goal. Elsewhere the author of the article advocating the scheme points out a few of the contradictions, confusions, and fallacies which lie in the way of any general acceptance of a Charter of international

liberties, and insists upon the principle of sacrifice as the attestation of the dominant principle. The idea is simple. It is for the Entente Powers to set up tribunals carefully chosen—we might begin by convening an Imperial Tribunal—who would be empowered to examine into the causes of war with the object of arriving at some common formula of agreement, whereby all international disputes might be removed from the solution of force to the clearing-house of a world-accepted judgment. These Tribunals could get to work at once, each Power agreeing to place its particular contentious problems on the table, as it were, and they would all be linked up by cable and might reasonably be expected to arrive at right governing principles, which in turn could be offered for acceptance to the enemy, who, in the event of refusal, would then be faced by the united physical force of the world.

The acceptance of such a Charter would establish a new world-reason of State. At once national problems would cease to be martial, for they would become international. We would have passed from the feudal sociocratic era to that new orientation which may be called the international vindication of nationhood, and in the process a new world will have been created. Failing such a Charter, how is a League of Nations to be born? If such a League is not based upon real principles of justice as opposed to war asseverations of justice, it can aspire to no permanency, still less if it is based on the present grouping of the Powers. For there is no such thing as *permanency* in this world. How can the American plutocracy, the youngest of all civilisations, presume to dictate the final wisdom? She cannot. But she can help poor agonised Europe to attain to that state. She can bring this new attitude into the dying Old World if she is brave enough and clear-headed enough to announce in firm unequivocal language her message of renovation, not in the old furtive tongue of secret diplomacy, but in words which admit of no dual interpretation, as is the case to-day over Mr. Wilson's latest pronouncement. This war will go on and the best blood of Europe will be shed in vain unless America leads now with no uncertain voice, and her truth is devoted to

the common truth, and she can lift us up to the acceptance of some guiding principle of international equity, which could be done immediately and internationally through the spirituality of a world Magna Charta.

Dean Inge the other day said a perfectly true thing in a lecture described by our propaganda Press as "gloomy." Prussian militarism cannot be destroyed by force, he said; force can only be removed by spirit or Christianity. Europe was drifting into the "disunited States" of Europe, bankrupt and ruined between the millstones of the United States of America and of Asia. That is true. We are passing into the orbit of America; financially the process is rapidly advancing, as every man knows who is conversant with the Banks and the dislocation of business centres from this country to America. Another year of war and we shall be hypothecated to America. Why pretend this is not so? On this financial question there will be a great deal to say soon.

We must decide, or in the babel of conflicting views the moral initiative may pass to the enemy. We have turned the noble words liberty, democracy, nationality into footballs. To-day they are in sad need of moral inflation. All half-measures now are treason both to those who have died and those who live for England. Democracy has now to determine to end this war in the old feudal way—*i.e.*, by force, in which case all Britain must be armed for the struggle under a new responsible and efficient Government which knows its objective and is able to arouse the unswerving single enthusiasm of Empire by its proclamation, or it must work upon the interrogation of Lord Lansdowne, and, hand in hand with the sane virility of America, fashion some charter of international relationships—in either eventuality the proposed Charter applies—which all nations can accept, and which alone can bring about that New World where consent displaces the age-long privilege of war.

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

RECOLLECTIONS. By VISCOUNT MORLEY. 2 vols. Macmillan and Co., Ltd. 25*s.* net.

As has become the fashion, Lord Morley has anticipated his biography, defined his attitude and, in a real sense, his place, and, like his own life, the result is dignified, lofty, mellow. When a man who has filled high rank writes his own life, the public necessarily loses. The humanity of the man suffers. The work becomes important, unconsciously formal, un-selfcommunicative, and this is the inherent weakness of these two volumes. The man—whilom plain John Morley, who spelt God with a little "g," where is he? On this phase of his life there is nothing. Of his marriage he has nothing to say. The man is throughout the Minister, sometimes exasperatingly so. In vain one searches for some human revelation. In vain we read these two stately tomes to find some spark of waywardness, of human failing, of love, of enthusiasm. Perhaps the lady was right who said of him: "You are too haughty. You are not at heart a real democrat. You are not ambitious enough." We find Lord Morley solemnly recording "a cigar." He throws two French novels out of the window—"too disgusting." He leaves us in an epilogue philosophising to his little dog.

Lord Morley had a unique career. Perhaps because of his natural charm, his sympathetic detachment, his instinct for compromise, he has never tasted the slings of ill-fortune, although all his life he toiled for unpopular causes, and in his battle for Ireland he braved public opinion in a way that would have struck down most other men. Perhaps the secret lies in one of his own maxims that a "love of truth is often a true name for temper." In plain words, Morley has always been the philosophic doubter, far more a man of letters than a leader, a man to whom culture means conciliation and accommodation. He has toyed with

Catholicism, he has himself been largely the intellectual plaything of English politics. The most interesting part of the book is the Irish record, for here Morley was sincerely enthusiastic, and with Ireland his name will always be honourably known. But all men interested in public affairs will find pleasure in the recollections, written with that grace of philosophy and language that endeared the country to the man in office. His has been a good and honourable life, belonging essentially to the Victorian age, as the writer clearly feels. It was perhaps a pity that he forsook the library for the platform, that his battle-ground did not remain the eclecticism of the pen. Yet what does it matter in the end? In this work we see the aspirations of a noble life, the breadth and learning of the great mind, perhaps the last of the Gladstones. He leaves us with a tranquil satisfaction tempered with the doubt and sadness of interrogation.

FICTION

HONEYCOMB. By DOROTHY M. RICHARDSON. Duckworth and Co. 5*s*. net.

This is a clever work, a study, a thing of graces and subtle touches delightfully refreshing to the mind that finds the ordinary novel and its form a trifle tedious. It is part of a series. The author has her own pattern to work upon. She sees without too much cynicism, and as her sympathies are wide she writes with genuine power, without affectation or laboured cleverness.

THE TREE OF HEAVEN. By MAY SINCLAIR. Cassell. 6*s*. net.

The Tree of Heaven is one of the year's achievements; it would be an achievement in any year, for it is given to very few writers to see their own world with vision at once so wide, penetrating, and kindly. Miss Sinclair adds to this insight the art of shapely and sufficient story-telling; all her touches tell, and we know her characters as we know our friends. The Tree of Heaven is an ash in a Hampstead garden, but it is also the mystical tree of life and of the knowledge of good and evil; for in this family chronicle

the walls of home have many doors to the great world, and character and heredity are the only ramparts allowed. In a small compass this brilliant book is a family epic—to the ordinary novel-reader a capital and vivid story, to the fortunate few a seriously beautiful work of art.

THE GULF. By HUGH SPENDER. Collins. 5*s.* net.

A story of quite remarkable skill, embracing the great problem of intermarriage between England and Germany. Mr. Hugh Spender has achieved a notable success in working out to a satisfactory conclusion such a marriage, and he has managed even at this period, when hate is far more dominant than friendship, to enlist the sympathy and admiration of readers for Karl, the Prussian officer who refused to drink the regimental toast to the "destruction and damnation of the British Fleet," and afterwards to countenance or take part in the atrocities in Belgium. The story opens on a peaceful scene in Switzerland, where Karl meets the English girl to whom he is afterwards betrothed, and to whom he remains faithful in spite of the command of the All Highest. The whole theme is finely conceived and admirably worked out. The scenes in Germany just before the war and in Belgium after the fatal Fourth are realistic and vivid, and the characters in the drama are cleverly portrayed and wholly convincing. Karl is sentenced to death for disobeying the Higher Command, but he escapes, and goes with his English wife to America to await the dawn of the new world when Germany shall have shaken off the shackles of militarism. Altogether a thoughtful and well-timed book.

THE DWELLING PLACE OF LIGHT. By WINSTON CHURCHILL. Macmillan. 6*s.* net.

In the first half of this book Mr. Churchill is at his best; towards the end one misses some of the intensity of the earlier chapters. This may be the result of the complex and divergent influences to which the heroine of this pilgrimage towards the light becomes subject, but the fact remains that after *Vanity Fair* and *Apollyon* the "Continental" Beulah is a little tame and flat. Janet Bumpus

is a most appealing heroine, working out her desire for life, for knowledge, and for fulfilment in the harsh surroundings of a struggling home in industrial America. She is a really glowing and vivid bit of womanhood, and one follows her struggle towards her unknown goal with the keenest interest. Few authors could suggest so perfectly such impalpable stuff as this girl's point of view or establish her so firmly in the reader's imagination. Janet Bumpus is a wonderful creation; she comes alive, she almost attains, but life is too cruelly perverse. A book to read for this girl alone, although it is full of other interests, and has at least a great plan.

LOVE BY HALVES. By ALAN MACKINNON. T. Fisher Unwin. 6*s*.

This well-written romance, the latest addition to Mr. T. Fisher Unwin's First Novel Library, takes us into the music-loving atmosphere of peaceful Germany long before she allowed the mailed fist to become visible to English visitors. The heroine of the story is a high-spirited young English girl who is sent to Germany to study singing because she has been guilty of kissing her mother's chauffeur. At the German *pension* this democratic young lady flirts with Adolf, the boots, a youth of literary aspirations. She becomes a famous opera-singer, attempts to convert a German princeling to adopt her creed of universal brotherhood. The romantic affair ends disastrously. She returns to England, marries a staid and steady admirer, and eventually falls head over heels in love with an Arab. Here again renunciation is necessary, and she returns to the opera stage to find solace in work. The story is told with admirable skill and restraint, and it is altogether of exceptional merit as a first novel. It is full of humour and good, sound philosophy of life, while all the characters are well rounded and give one a sense of actuality.

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